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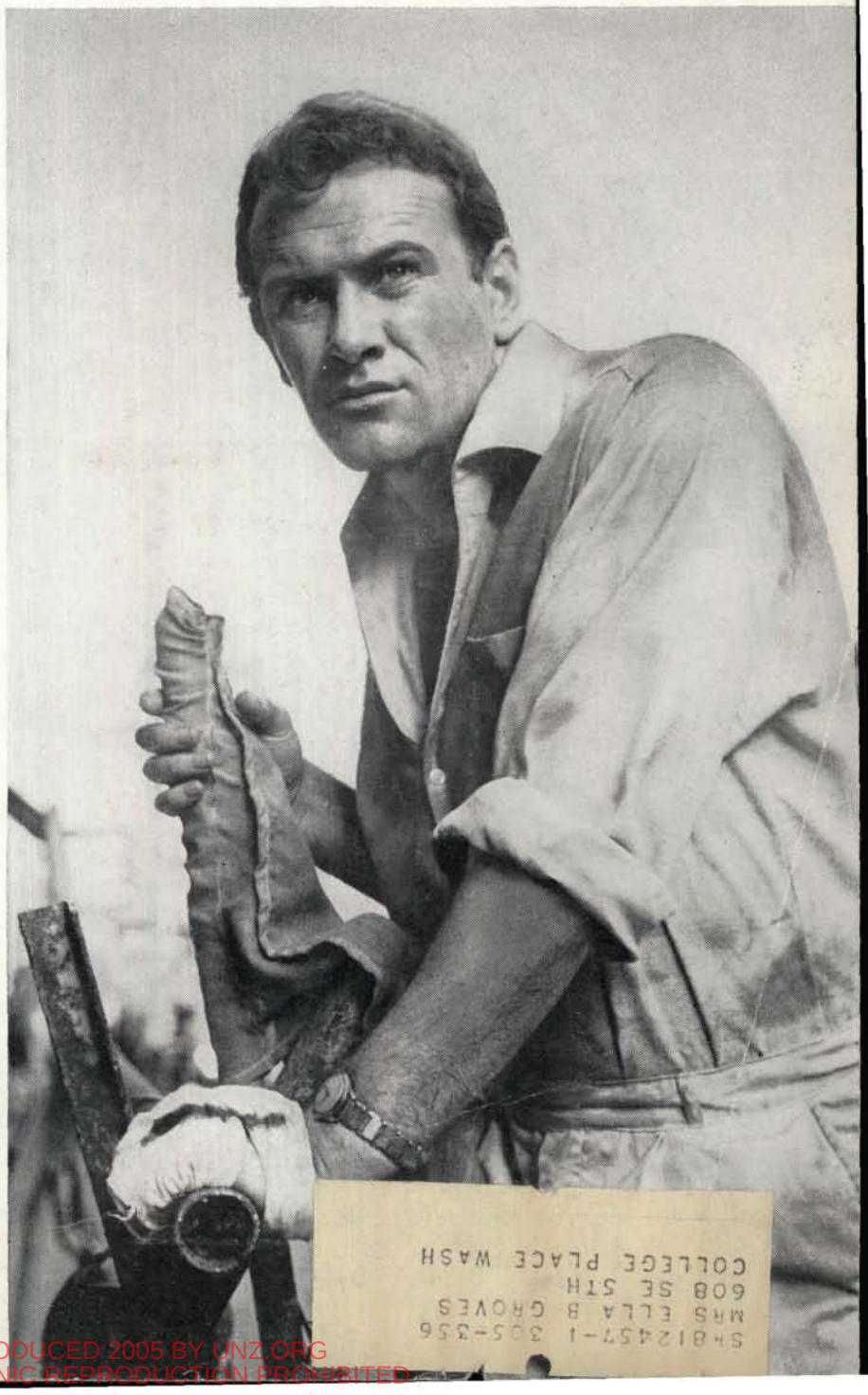

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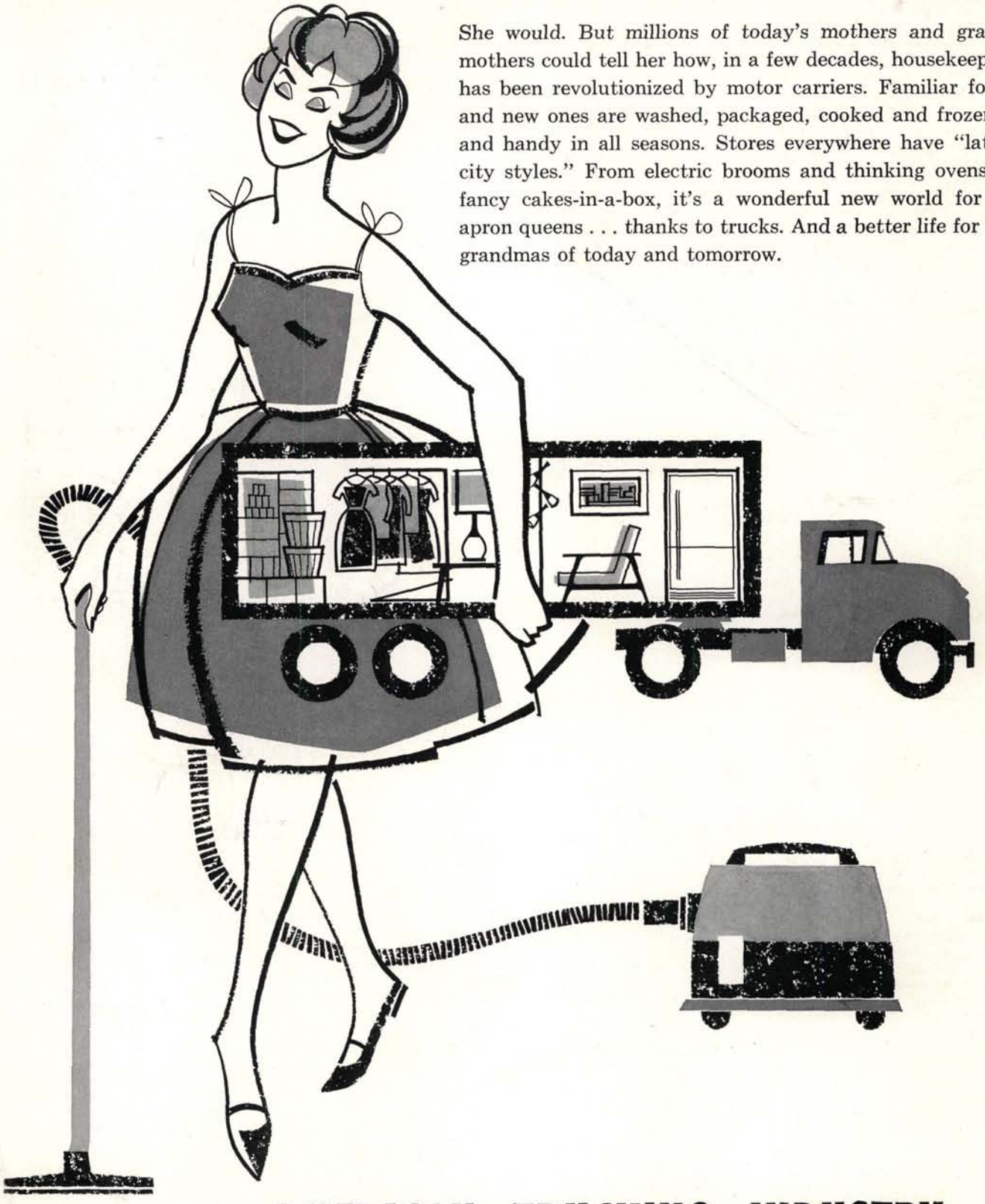

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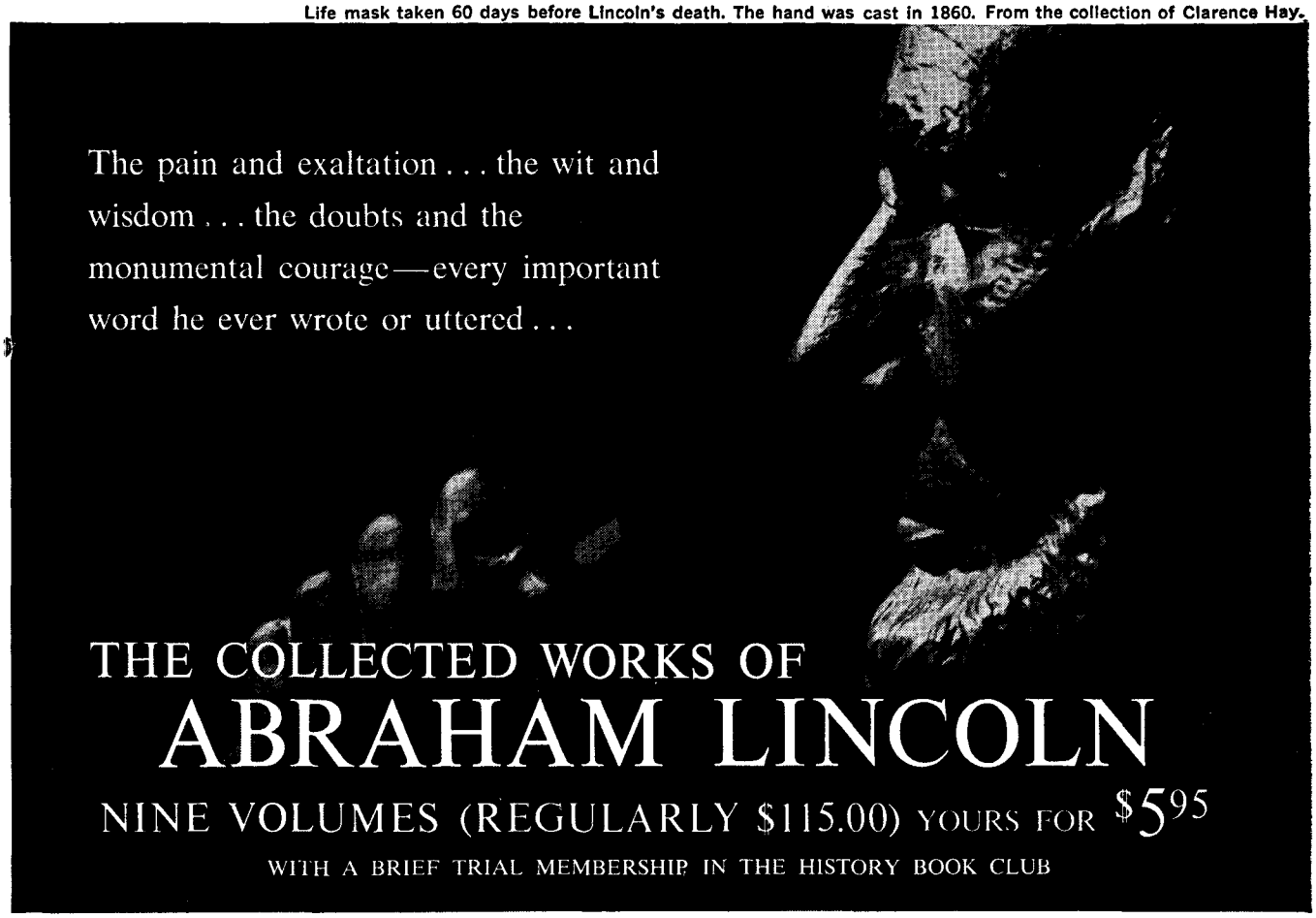
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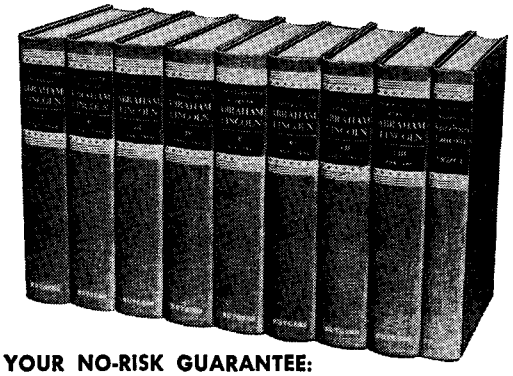

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EDITOR-AT-LARGE

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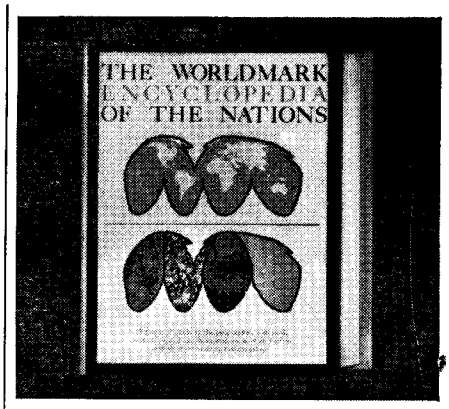

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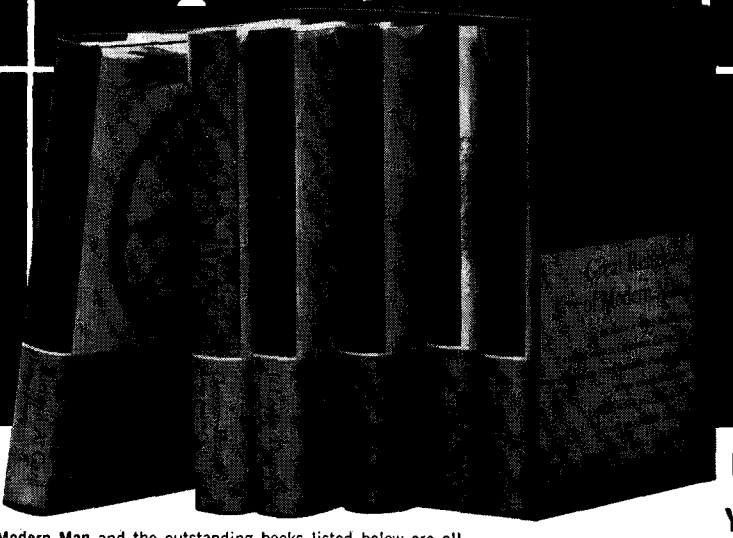

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THE HUMAN CONDITION

Until critics in chorus began to crow
I did not know, just did not know
And never had the tiniest suspicion
Man had a tough, incurable condition.
But now I know and everything is plain:
'Tis man's condition causes all his pain.
It was a wonderful discovery
For critics, letters and for me.

—Bryllion Fagin.

• • •

ERNIE

ERNIE KOVACS, who died with startling suddenness last month, was the nicest man I ever met, in or out of show business. I guess no one in the four years he was in Hollywood made a greater number of firm friends than he did. Since his start as a cooking-show M.C. on a Philadelphia TV station, he carried around with him more troubles than even a comedian should, but he stashed most of them away somewhere in the back of his head and he was never anything but a charming companion, a sympathetic listener, and a quiet doer of favors for a great number of people. I remember his saying to me once, "There's nothing wrong with me that $80,000 wouldn't cure." He said another time, with lots of emphasis, "The best thing I ever did in my life was marry Edie." When he starred on TV in New York he was far and away the favorite guy of stagehands—a group of technicians who do not bestow affection lightly.

He was the most creative person TV has been blessed with and he was enlightened enough about TV executives and advertising people not to let them sabotage his ideas. Among other things, he gave us teasers, surrealistic vignettes, and some of the best commercials seen on TV. Writer, actor, comic, director, parodist, Ernie was always full of surprises.

The main thing about Ernie, though, was that he was Ernie. I remember going to his home in Beverly Hills a few years ago to be met at the door by a huge (to me, anyway) burro. This burro used to spend most of its time in Ernie's workroom—a giant paneled studio whose walls were covered with antique weapons—because it liked to stand by the fireplace. But every once in a while the burro would go on a rampage, not only interrupting Ernie at one of his projects but chewing up some of Ernie's best material. Ernie never got sore about it, so far as I know.

One time in Beverly Hills, on his way to a panel show he emceed, Ernie happened to roll through a stop sign in his Lincoln and was overhauled by a motorcycle cop. Ernie looked at the officer in surprise and, as the latter started his talk, summons book in hand, he produced a black notebook from his pocket. With the officer staring in some bewilderment, Ernie called up the captain of police on the phone he had in the front seat of his Lincoln. After an exchange of pleasantries, Ernie casually mentioned the officer standing by his car. A few more words followed and Ernie thrust the phone through the window. "The captain would like to speak with you," he said.

That was Ernie. He'll be missed.

—Rex Lardner.

• • •

PRAYER TO AN ANALYST

Here a little child I stand,
Lifting up my either hand;
One is dirty, one is clean—
I'm the problem in between.

—Robert Nathan.

• • •

MY SIMPLE PLEASURES

CHILDREN nowadays think they must always have something to play with. They are really spoiled rotten. I know this fellow, a lonely bachelor, who is short and thin, and who certainly doesn't take up much *lebensraum* wherever he happens to be. (He is not even German; he is Irish on his mother's side and English, if I'm not mistaken, on his father's.) He has been turned away from the homes of several friends he has tried to visit lately. There's no room for him because there are so many toys, games, sets of things, giant miniature bridges, miniature giant ferris wheels, great big frightening life-sized dolls, battlegrounds, and I don't know what all. People say to him: "Come back later,

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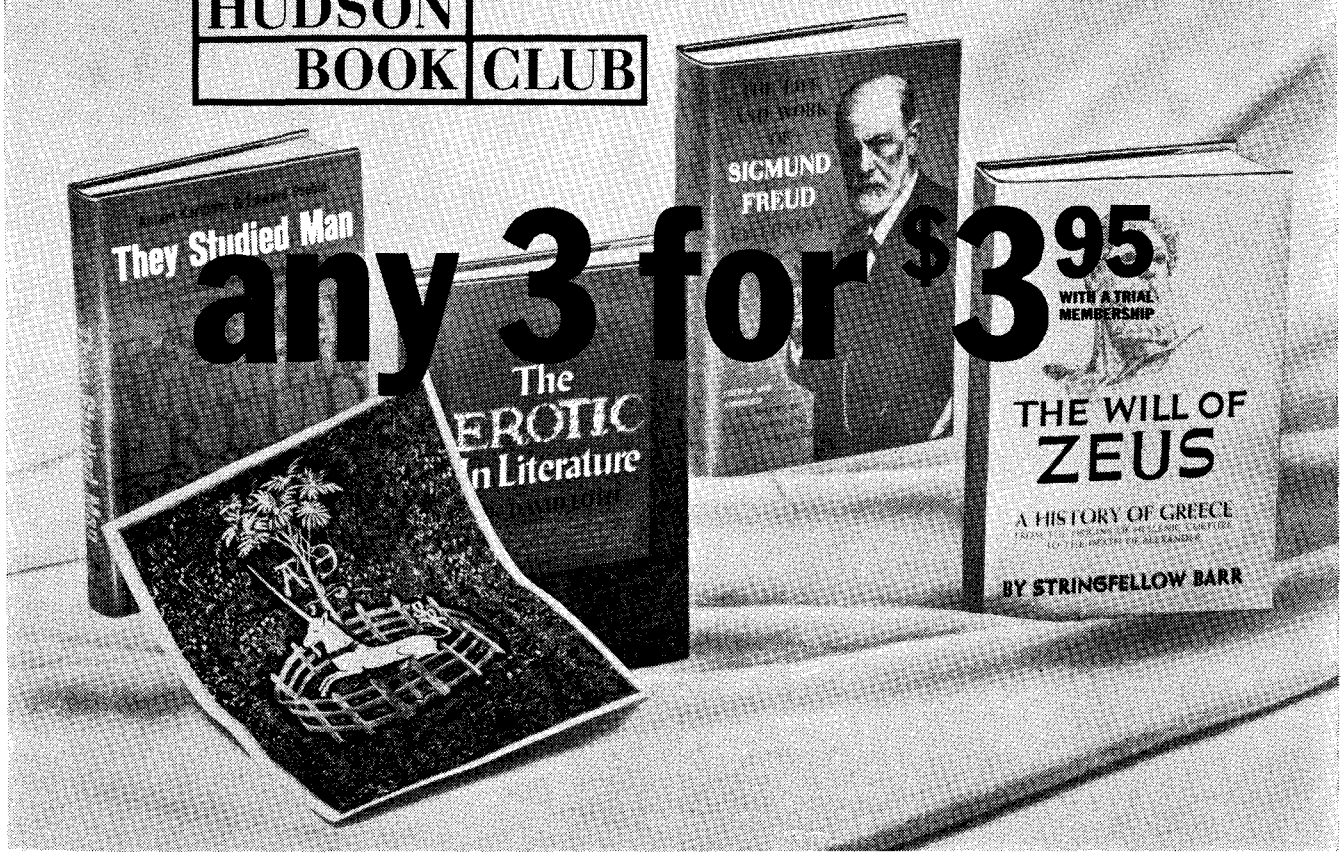

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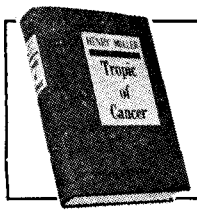

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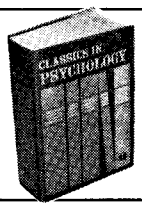

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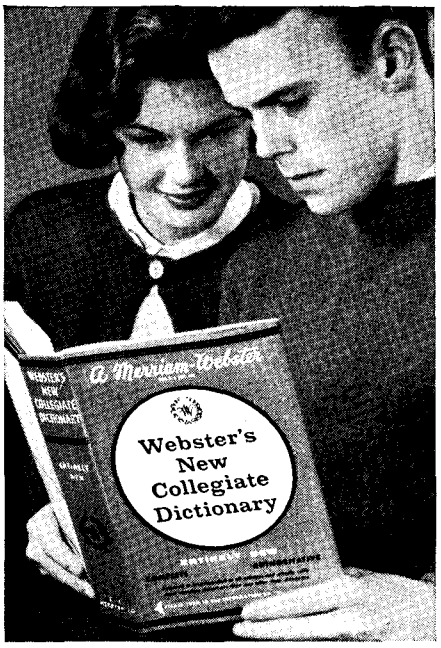

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Bill, when the kids are grown." Isn't that terrible?

When I was a child we made our own fun, and Harding was President.

I used to have this small ten-cent notebook. With only that and a stub of a pencil I would keep out of everyone's way for an entire afternoon. What I did was walk round and round our block, taking house numbers. To take house numbers you just walk up in front of a house, look at its number, and write it down. A bright child, with practice, can take every house number in a given block in ten minutes. I myself have done it in five. If you will go *with* your child a few times until he gets the hang of it he will thank you some day.

There are people, I should warn you, who prefer not to have their house numbers taken. There was a woman like that on our block. Every time she saw me out front with my notebook (and I was a fairly cute little tyke, too, with a Buster Brown haircut) she would call my mother on the telephone.

"He's taking my house number again," she would say.

My mother wasn't the type to be intimidated. "Well? What of it?" she would ask.

The woman always said it made her "ner-r-rvous." There was no getting around it; she *was* nervous. One time she was crying when she called.

"He's taking it again," she wailed.

My mother promised her that she'd speak to me when I got home, and she did. She said she was sorry, but from then on I'd better skip the woman's house. I promised I would.

But what nobody has known to this day is that I actually never failed to get that number down. I had written it, you see, so many times on my previous lists that all I had to do was go around the corner, look it up on an old list, and fill in the blank! I think it served the woman right.

Even now, because of this early experience, I am able to amuse myself for hours with only a paper and pencil. My doctor and every one of my nurses will tell you that I have a minimum of "things"—toys and whatnot—around, and yet I always seem to be cheery, and having a grand time.

—Hayes B. Jacobs.

Offhand

We are the Hyphen-natives, the Ameropean-Eurocans, the Atlantics, those of the Lost Continent; we don't belong. With the roots over there, the foliage over here, absent there from the sky, here from the earth, a useless bridge between two worlds.

We take no heed of European winds, no juices from the American soil, yet if a child kicks at our roots in Europe, the foilage suffers in America. If American winds batter our crown, the roots will creak in Europe. Wrongly oversensitive and wrongly indifferent, always at the wrong time in the wrong place, misnamed, misunderstood, we don't know who we are, why we are here and why still over there, why always living on the envy of fools who don't know how we live or they would laugh at us.

In Europe it's the American Dream (all wrong, we know, yet we fall for it the first day we go back, feel proudly American, touch our passport in our pocket lest it, too, prove a dream), here it's the Ex-Appeal of an old Europe that no longer exists but in novels and lies. The worst Americans are still the Europeans (we sound like American Indians), gadgeteers, gigantomaniacs, noisy, greedy, jittery and childish, and the worst Europeans are now the Americans, old-fashioned, snobbish, military-minded, frightened of opinions, pioneering in nothing and subservient in everything. We feel equally foreign to both, and also to ourselves, but we keep it a secret. As a service to whom?

Our fruits do not fall on our roots as they should, but closest to our foliage: a mistake, because our foliage does not dance in the sun as it should: it drags in mud and touches ground only with shadows, which is also a mistake, and our children despise us for this reason.

They are the first Americans to deny us recognition and to laugh at our accent, living like orphans in our house, with us restless but dead, impotent witnesses to their impotent pride, ghosts from a world of fairy tales they rejected as false while it was true and they are false as long as they don't see the roots and speak our language.

—Niccolo Tucci.

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Dear Fellow American:

Your help in registering popular support for President Kennedy's Peace Race Program, as outlined in his U.N. address of September 25, 1961, is essential to realization of the goal of general and complete disarmament under effective international controls and the creation of world-wide law to replace world-wide war.

We urge you to collect signatures in the space provided below (add a continuation sheet if necessary), and mail to the Peace Race Committee. Inform signers that the sheets will be collected, counted and then taken to Washington and presented to the President.

An Open Letter to the President:

We Join You in the Peace Race

As individual Americans, we congratulate you for your courageous and inspiring speech before the United Nations in which you call for a peace race instead of an arms race. Your specific proposals offer a basis for a genuine and honorable peace:

1 **War** You make it dramatically clear that "unconditional war can no longer lead to unconditional victory. It can no longer serve to settle disputes . . . man must put an end to war or war will put an end to mankind." You eloquently declare that "together we shall save our planet—or together we shall perish in the flames."

2 **Disarmament** You correctly emphasize that the "risks inherent in disarmament pale in comparison to the risks inherent in an unlimited arms race." Courageously you have declared that "men no longer pretend that the quest for disarmament is a sign of weakness—for in a spiraling arms race, a nation's security may well be shrinking even as its arms increase." To this end, we affirm your plan for general and complete disarmament under effective international controls, "abolishing all armies and all weapons except those needed for internal order and a new United Nations Peace Force."

3 **United Nations** We agree heartily that the issue of disarmament must be tied to the larger question of security for all nations. You wisely propose the drastic strengthening of the United Nations. We agree with you when you say: "To destroy arms, however, is not enough. We must create even as we destroy—creating world-wide law and law enforcement, as we outlaw world-wide war and weapons."

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President, American Federation of Sate, County and Municipal Employees
PAUL ZIFFREN
Ziffren & Ziffren

We, the undersigned, are glad to join the above list of community and business leaders in support of the President's Peace Race proposals as put forth in his recent United Nations speech.

NAME	ADDRESS	CITY	STATE

MAIL TO: THE PEACE RACE COMMITTEE, 5812 South Lyndale Avenue, Minneapolis, 19, Minnesota

The Peace Race Committee is an informal group of concerned citizens with no organizational affiliations. It will be disbanded at the conclusion of this project. Additional copies of the signature sheets may be obtained at no cost.

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TRADE Winds

IN HIS DELIGHTFUL column in the Toronto *Star* Pierre Berton wrote about his favorite boyhood books. He quoted the character in one:

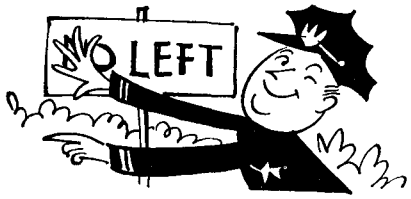
"I'll make it possible," declared Tom Swift, "for a man to sit in his easy chair, smoking a cigar in his library, and not only to hear the latest opera but also to see each and every performer and witness the whole play. . . . I haven't settled on a name. Call it talking pictures for the time being. Of course, it's entirely different from moving pictures with phonograph attachments. . . .

"In a flash Tom knew who were at the bottom of the plots against him. Powerful moving-picture and theater interests would not want to see such an invention. It would ruin too many of them. . . .

" 'Slender as my bank balance is, there is not enough cash among you masked men to pay me for destroying a machine which I hope will be a delight to humanity.' "

This prediction came from "Tom Swift and His Talking Pictures, or The Greatest Invention on Record," published in 1928. The Powerful Interests give in and pay the boy inventor $3,000,000 for half interest in the invention.

Berton concludes, "Tom Swift was right about almost everything except, of course, all those operas on television."



THE SPIRIT OF THOREAU is not dead in Concord. Mary J. Kershner of New York passed that way last summer looking for Walden and stopped a traffic cop for directions. He listened politely to her request and answered:

"You said *Pond* and not *Lake*. I shall therefore permit you to break a traffic law. Make a left at this next corner where it says 'No Left Turn' and that road will take you directly to Walden Pond."

NEWS FROM THE FOLDS of the Iron Curtain: Colorado State College's Professor Tom Burnam, on a study jaunt to Finland last summer, gave me a report of his stay there:

"Finland is the most literate nation on earth. Every educated Finn speaks three or four languages. Helsinki's book-and-magazine stores make Brentano's look like a village chiropractor's waiting room, and no American need do without *Time* or *The Times, The New Yorker, The Saturday Evening Post,* or *Mechanix Illustrated.*

"Finns train themselves early to read in the dark. Once I snapped on the light switch in the dense dusk of a reading room at one of the libraries in Porthania—the magnificent six-story steel, glass, ivory-brick and oiled-walnut building owned by the students—and was glared down by a bevy of blinking scholars.

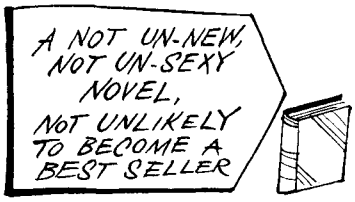
"Finns like humor, the *sauna,* dancing, cross-country skiing, and danger. A Finnish friend of mine

human-flyed up the outside of a seven-story building late one night just for the heck of it. They like a terrible-tasting nonalcoholic drink they consume in vast quantities on May 1, a holiday for students. But most of all they like reading."

CLARK GABLE, who was mighty protective about his private life while he was around, has already become the subject of three books. One is by his widow, one is by his former secretary, and the latest is by Charles Samuels and is called "The King" (Coward-McCann). This one is supposed to include matters that the other two might have left out. Ben Hecht has called it "a lusty book that held my eyes glued." Gee, I'd sure hate to read a book while my eyes were glued. No wonder Ben Hecht wears glasses.

And finally, Dutton will soon bring out Françoise Sagan's new novel, "The Wonderful Clouds." According to my information, this one takes place in the United States and the hero is American, described as looking "not unlike Randolph Scott." The sex scenes are said to be "daring, even for a French novel."

Well, that "daring, even for a French novel" can be dismissed as just so much baloney which publishers like to slice thin and hand out to hungry columnists. Someday one of them is going to give us all heart attacks by admitting the sex scenes in a book are mild but that the book is darned good. No, what I like is the "not unlike Randolph Scott" description for the hero. How does he get to be "not unlike Randolph Scott"? That means he is *like* Randolph Scott. Does Sagan say in the novel "He looks like Randolph Scott" or does she describe him so perfectly that we all im-



mediately conclude, "That can be no one but Randolph Scott"? Does she mean Randolph Scott when he was dressed as "Deerslayer" or Randolph Scott when Irene Dunne married the other fellow?

Not unlike Randolph Scott, indeed! If you ask me, it's not unlike Françoise Sagan.

SHARPS AND FLATS: Cleveland High School is located on Louisiana Avenue in St. Louis.

►John Wilcock wrote "Mexico on $5 a Day" (Frommer) and he *No Habla Español.*

►Joan Churchill has a foolproof rating test for television programs: "Anything I like goes off the air."

►New York has a dental supply salesman named David K. Kavity, New Milford, Connecticut, has a surgeon named John V. Haxo, and Sarasota, Florida, has a judge named John D. Justice.

►Charles James Fox had two aunts who were born 123 years apart.

►Don't say you never learn anything in this space.

—Jerome M. Beatty.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1453)

(Lady Cynthia) Asquith:
MARRIED TO TOLSTOY

The wonder surely is, not that the Tolstoys often quarreled, but that two such moody people, both dangerously endowed with the gift for spilling themselves in ink, could read each other's diaries and yet stay under the same roof.

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- John Simon's review of the important exhibition of three French symbolists—Moreau, *Redon and Bresdin*—at the Museum of Modern Art.
- Exciting, authoritative reports on current exhibitions of classic and modern art from Cairo, Paris and London.
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The CBS Television Network cordially invites you to attend a personally conducted tour of the White House by Mrs. John F. Kennedy. Wednesday, February 14, 10 to 11 pm, EST.

Mrs. Kennedy, accompanied by CBS News Correspondent Charles Collingwood, will comment on the character and history of the various public rooms in the most extensive tour of the Presidential Mansion ever presented to the public. At the conclusion of the tour President Kennedy will be interviewed by Mr. Collingwood. The tour was arranged and produced by the Public Affairs Department of CBS News.

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Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 10 1962

WHAT MAKES A PERSON CREATIVE?

By DONALD W. MacKINNON, *director of the Institute of Personality Assessment and Research at the University of California in Berkeley.*

SIX years ago, a group of psychologists began a nationwide study of human creativity. They wanted the scientific answers to the mystery of human personality, biology, intelligence, and intuition that makes some persons more creative than others.

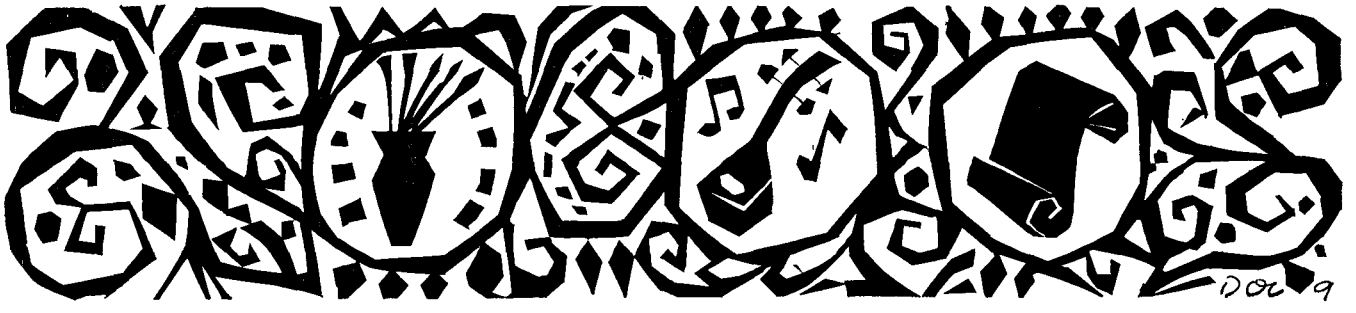
Working under a grant by the Carnegie Corporation of New York, the researchers were faced with the usual stereotypes that picture the highly creative person as a genius with an I.Q. far above average, an eccentric not only in thinking but in appearance, dress, and behavior, a Bohemian, an egghead, a longhair. According to these unproved stereotypes, he was not only introverted but a true neurotic, withdrawn from society, inept in his relations with others, totally unable to carry on a conversation with others less gifted than himself. Still others held that the creative person might be profound but that his intelligence was highly one-sided, in a rather narrow channel, and that he was emotionally unstable. Indeed, one of the most commonly held of these images was that he lived just this side of madness.

The psychological researchers who sought a more precise picture of the creative person conducted their investigations on the Berkeley campus of the University of California in the Institute of Personality Assessment and Research. At the Institute, the persons to be studied have been brought together, usually ten at a time, for several days, most often a three-day weekend. There they have been examined by a variety of means—by the broad problem posed by the assessment situation itself, by problem-solving experiments, by tests designed to discover what a person does not know or is unable to reveal about himself, by tests and questionnaires that permit a person to manifest various aspects of his personality and to express his attitudes, interests, and values, by searching interviews.

The professional groups whose creative members were chosen for study were writers, architects, research workers in the physical sciences and engineering, and mathematicians. In no instance did the psychological assessors decide which highly creative persons should be studied. Rather, they were nominated by experts in their own fields; and to insure that the traits found to characterize the highly creative were related to their creativity rather than indigenous to all members of the profession, a wider, more representative sample of persons in each of the professional groups was also chosen, though for somewhat less intensive study. All told, some 600 persons participated.

As the study has progressed it has become abundantly clear that creative persons seldom represent fully any of the common stereotypes, and yet in some respects and to some degree there are likenesses. It is not that such images of the creative person are fantastic but that they are caricatures rather than characterizations, heightening and sharpening traits and dispositions so as to yield a picture recognizable, yet still out of accord with reality. There are, of course, some stereotypes that reflect only error, but more often the distortion of the reality would seem to be less complete.

As for intellectual capacity, it will come as no surprise that highly creative persons have been found to be, in the main, well above average. But the relation between intelligence and creativity is not as clear-cut as this would suggest, if for no other reason than that intelligence is a many-faceted thing. There is no single psychological process to which the term "intelligence" applies; rather, there are many types of intellective functioning. There is verbal intelligence, and on a well-known test of this factor creative writers on the average score higher than any of the other groups. But there is also spatial intelligence—the capacity to perceive and to deal with spatial arrangements—and on a test of this aspect of intelligence creative writers as a group earn the lowest average score, while creative architects as a group are the



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star performers. There are, of course, many elements of intelligence in addition to these two.

If for the moment we ignore those patterns of intellective functioning which clearly and most interestingly differentiate one creative group from another, there are some more general observations that may be noted. It is quite apparent that creative persons have an unusual capacity to record and retain and have readily available the experiences of their life history. They are discerning, which is to say that they are observant in a differentiated fashion; they are alert, capable of concentrating attention readily and shifting it appropriately; they are fluent in scanning thoughts and producing those that serve to solve the problems they undertake; and, characteristically, they have a wide range of information at their command. As in the case of any intelligent person, the items of information which creative persons possess may readily enter into combinations, and the number of possible combinations is increased for such persons because of both a greater range of information and a greater fluency of combination. Since true creativity is defined by the adaptiveness of a response as well as its unusualness, it is apparent that intelligence alone will tend to produce creativity. The more combinations that are found, the more likely it is on purely statistical grounds that some of them will be creative.

YET intelligence alone does not guarantee creativity. On a difficult, high-level test of the more general aspects of intelligence, creative persons score well above average, but their individual scores range widely, and in several of the creative groups the correlation of intelligence as measured by this test and creativity as rated by the experts is essentially zero.

Certainly this does not mean that over the whole range of creative endeavor there is no relation between general intelligence and creativity. No feeble-minded persons appeared in any of the creative groups. Clearly a certain degree of intelligence, and in general a rather high degree, is required for creativity, but above that point the degree of intelligence does not seem to determine the level of one's creativeness. In some fields of endeavor, mathematics and theoretical physics for example, the requisite intelligence for highly creative achievement is obviously high. But it does not follow that the theoretical physicist of very superior I.Q. will necessarily be creative, and in many fields of significant creative endeavor it is not necessary that a person be outstanding in intelligence to be recognized as highly creative, at least as intelligence is measured by intelligence tests.

Regardless of the level of his measured intelligence, what seems to characterize the creative person—and this is especially so for the artistically creative—is a relative absence of repression and suppression as mechanisms for the control of impulse and imagery. Repression operates against creativity, regardless of how intelligent a person may be, because it makes unavailable to the individual large aspects of his own experience, particularly the life of impulse and experience which gets assimilated to the symbols of aggression and sexuality. Dissociated items of experience cannot combine with one another; there are barriers to communication among different systems of experience. The creative person, given to expression rather than suppression or repression, thus has fuller access to his own experience, both conscious and unconscious. Furthermore, because the unconscious operates more by symbols than by logic, the creative person is more open to the perception of complex equivalences in experience, facility in metaphor being one specific consequence of the creative person's greater openness to his own depths.

This openness to experience is one of the most striking characteristics of the highly creative person, and it reveals itself in many forms. It may be observed, for example, in the realm of sexual identifications and interests, where creative males give more expression to the feminine side of their nature than do less creative men. On a number of tests of masculinity-femininity, creative men score relatively high on femininity, and this despite the fact that, as a group, they do not present an effeminate appearance or give evidence of increased homosexual interests or experiences. Their elevated scores on femininity indicate rather an openness to their feelings and emotions, a sensitive intellect and understanding self-awareness, and wide-ranging interests including many which in the American culture are thought of as more feminine, and these traits are observed and confirmed by other techniques of assessment. If one were to use the language of the Swiss psychiatrist C. G. Jung, it might be said that creative persons are not so completely identified with their masculine *persona* roles as to blind themselves to or deny expression to the more feminine traits of the *anima*. For some, of course, the balance between masculine and feminine traits, interests, and identifications is a precarious one, and for several it would appear that their presently achieved reconciliation of these opposites of their nature has been barely achieved and only after considerable psychic stress and turmoil.

It is the creative person's openness to experience and his relative lack of self-defensiveness that make it possible for him to speak frankly and critically about his childhood and family, and equally openly about himself and his problems as an adult.

One gets the impression that by and large those persons who as adults are widely recognized for their creative achievements have had rather favorable early life circumstances, and yet they often recall their childhood as not having been especially happy.

In studying adult creative persons, one is dependent upon their own reports for the picture they give of their early years. Although they may often describe their early family life as less harmonious and happy than that of their peers, one cannot know for certain what the true state of affairs was. In reality the situation in their homes may not have been appreciably different from that of their peers. The differences may reside mainly in their perceptions and memories of childhood experiences, and it seems the more likely since one of the most striking things to be noted about creative persons is their unwillingness to deny or to repress things that are unpleasant or troubling.

THE theme of remembered unhappiness in childhood is so recurrent that one is led to speculate about its role in fostering creative potential. In the absence of a sensitive awareness of one's own experience and of the world around one, without considerable development of and attention to one's own inner life, and lacking an interest in ideational, imaginal, and symbolic processes, highly creative responses can hardly be expected to occur. Something less than complete satisfaction with oneself and one's situation in childhood, if not a prerequisite for the development of a rich inner life and a concern for things of the mind and spirit, may nevertheless play an important contributory role.

There is no doubt, too, that some of the highly creative persons had, as children, endured rather cruel treatment at the hands of their fathers. These, to be sure, constitute the minority, but they appear today to be no less creative than those who could more easily identify with their fathers. There is some evidence, however, that those who were harshly treated in childhood have not been so effective or so successful in the financial and business (masculine) aspects of their profession as the others. There is in these persons more than a hint that they have had some difficulty

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in assuming an aggressive professional role because, through fear of their fathers, their masculine identifications were inhibited.

Both in psychiatric interviews that survey the individual's history and present psychological status, and in clinical tests of personality, creative persons tend to reveal a considerable amount of psychic turbulence. By and large they freely admit the existence of psychological problems and they speak frankly about their symptoms and complaints. But the manner in which they describe their problems is less suggestive of disabling psychopathology than of good intellect, richness and complexity of personality, and a general candor in self-description. They reveal clearly what clinical psychologists have long contended: that personal soundness is not an absence of problems but a way of reacting to them.

We may resort again to Jung's theory of the psychological functions and types of personality as an aid in depicting the psychology of the creative person. According to this view it might be said that whenever a person uses his mind for any purpose he either perceives (becomes aware of something) or he judges (comes to a conclusion about something). Everyone perceives and judges, but the creative person tends to prefer perceiving to judging. Where a judging person emphasizes the control and regulation of experience, the perceptive creative person is inclined to be more interested and curious, more open and receptive, seeking to experience life to the full. Indeed, the more perceptive a person is, the more creative he tends to be.

In his perceptions, both of the outer world and of inner experience, one may focus upon what is presented to his senses, upon the facts as they are, or he may seek to see, through intuition, their deeper meanings and possibilities. One would not expect creative persons in their perceptions to be bound to the presented stimulus or object but rather to be intuitively alert to that which is capable of occurring, to that which is not yet realized; this capacity is, in fact, especially characteristic of the creative person.

One judges or evaluates experience with thought or with feeling, thinking being a logical process aimed at an impersonal analysis of the facts, feeling, on the other hand, being a process of appreciation and evaluation of things which gives them a personal and subjective value. The creative person's preference for thinking or for feeling in his making of judgments is less related to his creativeness as such than it is to the type of material or concepts with which he deals. Artists, in general, show a preference for feeling, scientists and engineers a preference for thinking, while architects are more divided in their preference for one or the other of these two functions.

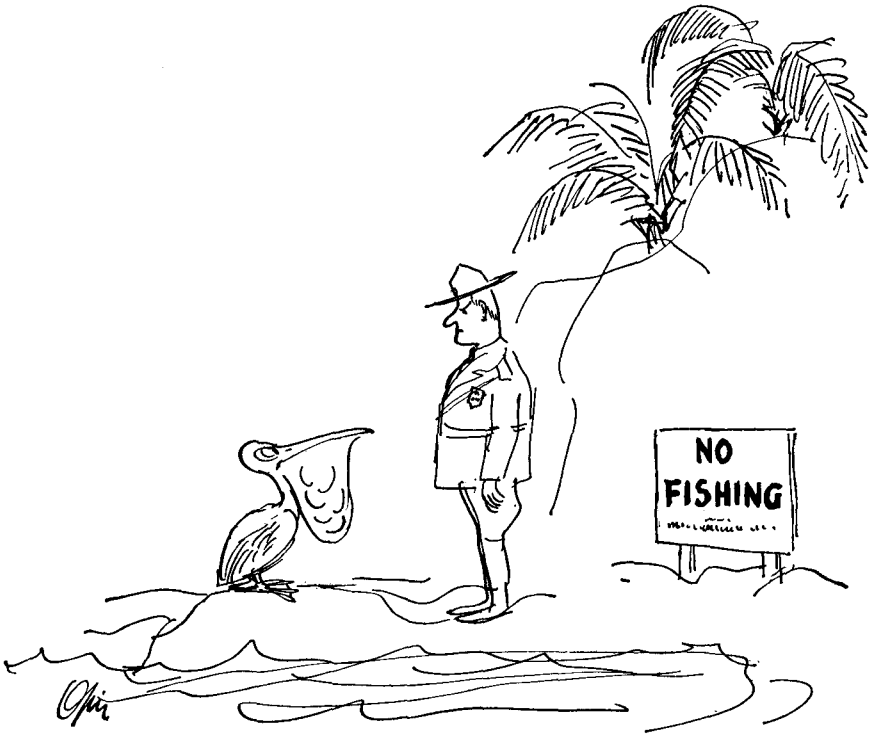
Everyone, of course, perceives and judges, senses and intuits, thinks and feels. It is not a matter of using one of the opposed functions to the exclusion of the other. It is rather a question of which of them is preferred, which gets emphasized, and which is most often used. So also is it with introversion and extroversion of interest, but two-thirds or more of each of the creative groups which have participated in the study have shown a rather clear tendency toward introversion. Yet, interestingly enough, extroverts, though they are in the minority in our samples, are rated as high on creativity as the introverts.

Whether introvert or extrovert, the creative individual is an impressive person, and he is so because he has to such a large degree realized his potentialities. He has become in great measure the person he was capable of becoming. Since he is not preoccupied with the impression he makes on others, and is not overconcerned with their opinion of him, he is freer than most to be himself. To say that he is relatively free from conventional restraints and inhibitions might seem to suggest that he is to some degree socially irresponsible. He may seem to be, and in some instances he doubtless is if judged by the conventional standards of society, since his behavior is dictated more by his own set of values and by ethical standards that may not be precisely those of others around him.

The highly creative are not conformists in their ideas, but on the other hand they are not deliberate nonconformists, either. Instead, they are genuinely independent. They are often, in fact, quite conventional in matters and in actions that are not central to their areas of creative endeavor. It is in their creative striving that their independence of thought and autonomy of action are revealed. Indeed, it is characteristic of the highly creative person that he is strongly motivated to achieve in situations in which independence in thought and action are called for, but much less inclined to strive for achievement in situations where conforming behavior is expected or required. Flexibility with respect to means and goals is a striking characteristic of the groups we have studied.

On a test that measures the similarity of a person's expressed interests with the known interests of individuals successful in a variety of occupations and professions, creative persons reveal themselves as having interests similar to those of psychologists, architects, artists, writers, physicists, and musicians, and quite unlike those of purchasing agents, office men, bankers, farmers, carpenters, policemen, and morticians. These similarities and dissimilarities of interest are in themselves less significant than the abstractions and inferences that may be drawn from them. They suggest strongly that creative persons are relatively less interested in small details, in facts as such, and more concerned with their meanings and implications, possessed of consid-

(*Continued on page* 69)



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In Laconic Words, a Revelation

By Granville Hicks

IVY COMPTON-BURNETT, born in 1892, published her first novel in 1925. **"The Mighty and Their Fall"** (Simon & Schuster, $4.50) appears to be her seventeenth. She has been highly praised: for instance, according to the jacket, V. S. Pritchett has called her "the most original novelist now writing in English," and Rosamond Lehmann has said that she is "the purest and most original of contemporary English artists." On the other hand, she has never been widely popular in the United States, and even in England, I think, she appeals to a special taste.

Her work is remarkably homogeneous, and "The Mighty and Their Fall" is completely typical. The period is vaguely the past, probably the years before the First World War. The scene is a mansion, impressive enough, one gathers, but rather in decay. The principal characters belong in some undefined way to the upper class, and they live, none too well, on inherited money. Ninian Middleton, a widower of fifty-six, inhabits the mansion with his mother, his five children, and a foster-brother. As always in Miss Compton-Burnett's novels, servants have an important role in the story, acting as a kind of chorus.

As one has come to expect, the novel is completely unfurnished. By contrast, Willa Cather, who once wrote an essay called "The Novel *Démeublé*," seems to crowd her stage. We have no idea what the mansion looks like, or the rooms in it, or the grounds about it. The appearance of the characters is described only in the most cursory fashion. To do more, the author has suggested, is a waste of effort: "However detailed such description is, I am sure that everyone forms his own conceptions that are different from every one else's, including the author's."

It is the dialogue, in short, that carries the whole burden, and there has never been dialogue quite like Miss Compton-Burnett's. I have tried to find a passage of suitable length to quote, but each conversation relies so completely on its context that excerption would be unfair. The characters are not given long speeches, in the manner of the later Henry James; on the contrary, they use few words, but the words they use carry the greatest possible weight. Each sentence is charged with implications, and since all the characters, including the children and the servants, immediately grasp all the implications of whatever anybody else says, the most casual exchange is heavy with meaning.

It has been observed a hundred times that people don't talk and couldn't conceivably talk like Miss Compton-Burnett's characters. No one knows this better than she, and no one could care less, for she is not interested in realism of any sort. She has stated:

> I think that actual life supplies a writer with characters much less than is thought. . . . People in life hardly seem to be definite enough to appear in print. They are not good enough or bad enough, or clever enough or stupid enough, or comic or pitiful enough. As regards plots I find real life no help at all. Real life seems to have no plots.

Certainly real life does not often provide the kind of plot to which Miss Compton-Burnett's fancy runs. The plot of "The Mighty and Their Fall," coldly summarized, would seem tawdry melodrama, with such ingredients as an intercepted letter, the opportune return of a long-lost brother, the destruction of a will.

Miss Compton-Burnett makes no concessions to the reader's preconceptions about fiction: not only is her dialogue unrealistic and her plot ridiculous; the mighty of her novel are not much above ordinary stature, and their fall is not spectacular. And yet, if you happen to be an addict, she can compel your attention as few novelists can. Coleridge's famous phrase, "the willing suspension of disbelief," is applicable up to a point; but I feel that, for myself at least, the suspension could almost be described as unwilling. That is, I do resist to begin with, but resistance always proves vain.

How does this magician weave her spells? One answer is that her skill is itself a fascination; she does what she does magnificently, and always has. But there is a deeper answer than that. Suddenly, in these moldy old mansions with their stuffy inhabitants, the reader feels himself in the presence of a revelation. Stuffy these people may be, but they are people, and as we look into their hearts we are likely to feel more terror than amusement. Here in "The Mighty and Their Fall," for instance, is Lavinia, the oldest daughter of the household, a girl of twenty, who is so devoted to her father that she is willing to commit a base act to prevent his remarriage. And the father, Ninian, when put to the test by his prodigal brother, proves himself no better. "You have not a high opinion of people," Lavinia says to her grandmother. And the old lady replies, "Why should I have? What of the examples before me?" Miss Compton-Burnett might be speaking.

Her insight is so penetrating that in the end, unlikely as it seems, the reader comes to identify himself with the characters. He asks, "Would I do as Lavinia did, as Ninian did, as Hugo did?" And the answers he arrives at do not make for complacency. In a sense the destruction of complacency might be regarded as Miss Compton-Burnett's mission in life.

England is rich in novelists who have a great gift for comedy and who never forget how close to tragedy comedy lies. I have recently written about two of them, Muriel Spark (*SR*, Jan. 20) and Anthony Powell (*SR*, Jan. 27). Some of the others are Henry Green, Iris Murdoch, Angus Wilson, and Kingsley Amis. (Perhaps there is something in the position of England today that helps to explain this phenomenon; perhaps it is just an accident.) None of these writers, with the possible exception of Henry Green, seems to have been influenced by Miss Compton-Burnett, but I am sure that they all respect her as the dean of their company. No eye is colder or sharper, no hand more practiced.

If she had done nothing else, she would have made herself useful by proving how risky all generalizations about the novel are. Her settings, her plots, her characters, her dialogue break every rule. She makes no effort to be timely, but ignores everything that has happened since 1914. At the outset of her long literary career she adopted one of the most difficult techniques that can be imagined, the almost complete reliance on dialogue, and she has never abandoned or modified it. In many important ways all her books are exactly alike, and yet each is completely individual. There is no sign of growth and no sign of decay, and she is today, as she always has been, superbly herself.

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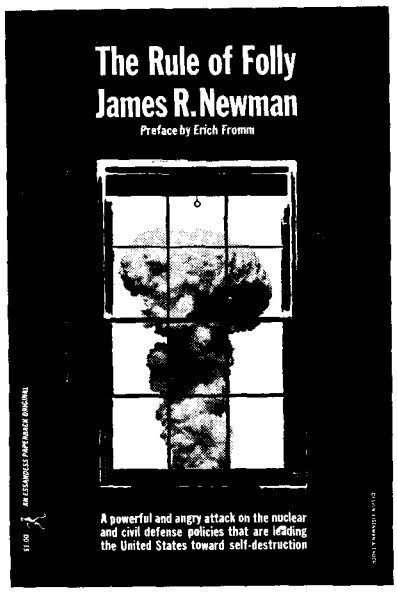
Book in the News


The Rule of Folly
James R. Newman
Preface by Erich Fromm
A powerful and angry attack on the nuclear and civil defense policies that are leading the United States toward self-destruction

By Charles Porter, *former Democratic Congressman from Oregon.*

IS THERE really a James R. Newman? It is hard to believe. Doubts cross one's mind almost from the first page of his small but potent paperback book, **"The Rule of Folly"** (Simon & Schuster, $1): too few write like this; too few think like this.

The evidence of Newman's existence is meager. We do recall that he questioned the existence of Herman Kahn last year in his famous review in *Scientific American* of Kahn's "On Thermonuclear Warfare." That review, a review of the *Daedalus* Arms Control Issue (fall, 1960), another on books by C. Wright Mills, Linus Pauling, Seymour Melman and Albert Schweitzer, and six letters to the editor are collected in this book.

Newman's home address is recorded as "Chevy Chase," which means he dwells within a few miles of Capitol Hill and the Pentagon, places where most of our nation's rulers have their offices, though they are a million miles from accepting his thesis that "a war of nuclear weapons is lunatic."

Secretary of Defense McNamara told the Senate Armed Services Committee on January 18, 1962, that our present retaliatory forces could destroy Soviet targets even after a surprise attack on us. This has, of course, been said before. The Secretary went on to say it had to be assumed that the Soviet Union would build still more powerful forces, so "clearly" the United States will need new retaliatory systems. He urged approval of the $48.3 billion defense budget.

This, with all respect to the spectacularly able and sincere Mr. McNamara, is the "rule of folly" that Newman deplores so tellingly. These policies arise from the ignorance of simple truths about the nature of the threat of catastrophic nuclear war. The likes of Kahn may find a kind of bliss in concluding, and demonstrating to their own satisfaction, that nuclear war is, as Kahn writes, "not rationally infeasible," which I suppose amounts to saying it is "rationally feasible." When ignorance is bliss, then it is folly to be wise—but where do we detect bliss in a nuclear arms race?

OUR leaders agree, in their public speeches at least, that nuclear war is unthinkable, but all the while we continue to increase our nuclear strike capacity. "And yet," writes Newman, "in such a conflict the nation fighting to preserve itself cannot preserve itself, and all must perish."

"All" must perish? Kahn and his colleagues would jump on that "all" with patronizing chortles and a great flourish of fall-out calculations and slide rules. Newman and Kahn agree that nuclear war in the near future is probable, but, while Kahn admits that nuclear war will be an unprecedented catastrophe, it will not, he asserts reassuringly, be an unlimited one. He prides himself on thinking about the unthinkable.

Probably both Newman and Kahn would agree with Jay Orear's comparison of the politics of balanced deterrence to hot-rodders playing a game called "chicken." Two drivers aim their souped-up cars at each other, driving at high speed. The first to turn aside is "chicken." Kahn's point seems to be that even if you do crash because neither turns away, you won't be killed, what with roll-over bars, crash helmets, and safety belts for you and your passengers. You may, of course, be mangled, bruised, broken, crippled, shocked, and otherwise seriously injured but you'll survive for a little while anyway.

"It is absurd," says Newman, "to imagine that a policy based on deterrence can indefinitely keep the peace, but even if it did, what kind of peace would it be? Under constant threat of destruction, most human beings come apart. They grow callous, hostile, increasingly indifferent to the values we cherish. Freedom is lost, the individual becomes nothing."

The so-called "balance of terror" is nothing more than a precarious, temporary equilibrium, readily upset by panic, miscalculation, or inadvertence. But this is the policy of our rulers today, the "rule of folly" that Newman excoriates so articulately.

What, exactly, are these simple truths of which our rulers are ignorant or, at least, unconvinced?

First, nuclear war is not feasible under any circumstances, which is not the same thing as saying it won't happen. Indeed, it is likely to happen unless men like Newman are heeded. Nuclear war can't save freedom even if a remnant of mankind is left to lurk and scurry among the poisoned ruins.

Second, the constant threat of nuclear war, even if war itself is somehow staved off, will itself soon destroy freedom.

Finally, the risks of inspected disarmament are less than the risks of the continued arms race. President Kennedy affirmed this emphatically in his speech before the United Nations General Assembly last year but most Americans don't accept it.

There are hopeful signs, however. The President in his second State of the Union address repeated his support of disarmament and cessation of nuclear tests. He declared, "The world was not meant to be a prison in which man awaits his execution."

By no means ignorant of these simple truths, President Kennedy is himself a prisoner of pre-existing policies and public attitudes. "We must be strong," shouts almost every politician, "second to none." They fail to mention that no matter how strong we are we remain vulnerable to a devastating attack.

"We believe in disarmament," proclaims almost every politician, "with safeguards, that is, foolproof safeguards." They fail to mention that no such guarantees are available for anything human.

THE President saw to the establishment of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency last year. Now he seeks funds to add to the $2 million it received from Congress last year. In William C. Foster, the director, and in Adrian Fisher, the deputy director, the President has first-rate leadership for the agency. What the agency needs is a technical staff at least as good as that of the Atomic Energy Commission and the Department of Defense. It needs a building of its own, away from the Department of State beehive and as big and handsome as the massive pile recently completed to house the Central Intelligence Agency up the Potomac. The agency also needs a public affairs program to promote the investigation and the discussion of analyses such as that offered by Newman in his book.

Newman rightly protests "the sys-

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tematic conditioning of the minds of Americans by their newspapers and by their Government [and by *Life* magazine, he could have added] to accept the possibility of nuclear war as a reasonable, morally justifiable, and not, if we are clever enough, too costly expedient for bringing about the glorious and final victory of good over evil.

In his excellent introduction to the book Erich Fromm praises Newman for his independence, courage, wisdom, imagination, and human passion. The psychiatrist observes that few people risk even their jobs for the sake of their convictions. "How can we," he adds, "expect that they should be able to make the ethical decision to die rather than 'be slaves'?"

Newman asserts that disarmament as a rational policy must have its roots in two simple convictions: "That we want to live, that the Russians want to live." There are risks in disarmament, he grants, but they are not crippling risks. "They do not invite major assault and they are risks that any sane man would prefer to the risks of the arms race."

Is there really a James R. Newman? I am sure there is and glad of it. I am sure also that other unintimidated, life-loving men such as Grenville Clark, Senator Joseph Clark, Charles Rhyne, Linus Pauling, Seymour Melman, Cyrus Eaton, Leo Szilard, Arthur Larson, David Cavers, Norman Cousins, Representative Bob Kastenmeier, Senator Hubert Humphrey, Jerome Wiesner, to name a few outstanding peace-seekers at random, are joining hands resolutely with Newman to support President Kennedy in drastically changing our policies in the face of the ominously rising threat of a catastrophic nuclear war.

"Sorry, they're not home."

MEN OF MONEY

Superfluous Yachts and Heirs

"Gould's Millions," by Richard O'Connor *(Doubleday. 336 pp. $4.95),* ***"The Inheritors," by John Tebbel*** *(Putnam. 320 pp. $5), and* ***"The Vanderbilts and Their Fortunes," by Edwin P. Hoyt*** *(Doubleday. 422 pp. $4.95), trace the rise and decline of the archmillionaire. Lucius Beebe is a member of the editorial page staff of the San Francisco Chronicle.*

By Lucius Beebe

IN ANY considerable library of Americana the bibliography devoted to the defamation of rich men is ample. Except in approved biographies by paid retainers, which resemble nothing so much as the unctuous sketches in Colonel William d'Alton Mann's well nigh incredible "Fads and Fancies," the well-to-do in the United States have had an uncommonly bad press. That the press conceded that such men as Jay Gould, James Jerome Hill, William Randolph Hearst, or the Vanderbilt family didn't necessarily represent the image of wealth in the popular esteem and imagination made no difference. By and large, men of letters disapproved of men of wealth and went out of their way to say so.

On a single shelf above the desk at which this review is being written, for example, are ranked Oscar Lewis's "Big Four," Dr. George Lyman's "Ralston's Ring," Frederick Lewis Allen's "The Lords of Creation," Wayne Andrews's "The Vanderbilt Legend," John K. Winkler's "Incredible Carnegie," John Tebbel's "The Life and Good Times of William Randolph Hearst," Lloyd Wendt's and Herman Kogan's "Bet a Million: The Story of John W. Gates," Robert Irving Warshow's "Bet a Million Gates," Claude Bowers's "The Tragic Era," Ferdinand Lundberg's "Imperial Hearst," Don Seitz's "The Dreadful Decade," Meade Minnigerode's "Certain Rich Men," Parker Morrell's "Diamond Jim" and, of course, the Black Bible from which much of the venom in some of these books derives, "The History of Great American Fortunes," by Gustavus Meyers.

Few of these biographies of men of money have much good to say about their principals; Meyers, of course, has nothing good to say about anybody. There are exceptions, such as John Winkler's "Morgan the Magnificent" and Stewart Holbrook's vest-pocket biography of Jim Hill, which give a fair shake to their subjects and acknowledge greatness where it can't very well be denied. Even so, I am told, the members of the Hill family, accustomed to the emetic goose grease of professional adulation, resent Holbrook, whom they should regard as a measureless benefactor.

Most of the biographies I have listed have a dated quality about them and were written in the Twenties and Thirties under what seems to have been a literary compulsion to hate everything and anything suggesting wealth. Their salvos and broadsides are unleashed against the robber barons, the great malefactors, the great plunderers in a symphony of defamation that eventually palls through repetition. Nobody could have been that bad and, over the years, American public sentiment has remained serenely favorable to captains of industry and acquisitors on a large scale.

The basic defect in the approach of the socially-conscious biographers of the great rascals was that, if they adhered in any degree to the record, the scene of carnage they depicted was totally enchanting, a joyous chaos from which the victors, all of them men of great bounce and vitality, emerged with pots of loot whose acquisition harmed nobody but a less fortunate element of similar freebooters. It was grand-scale larceny on a hilarious pattern that, to the perceptive intelligence, implied no appreciable moral guilt, so that a reader emerged from half an hour with Gustavus Meyers less in outrage than with a warm sense of approbation of the robber barons.

Stewart Holbrook was the first considerable historian of money and the men who acquired it to realize that the rapacious scoundrels of the post-Civil War era in the United States were by far the most glamorous and fascinating single group of Americans. "The Age of the Moguls" is still selling in something like thirty languages to prove it.

In broad terms, the three commentators on the rich Americans of the nineteenth century whom we are considering here have been persuaded to the

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Holbrook or rational school of historical appraisal. All three of them are reworking tailings that have already been fairly well processed, in some cases by the authors themselves in earlier works. John Tebbel's chapter on William Randolph Hearst is essentially a reviewing of his own "Life and Good Times" of the publisher. Richard O'Connor, whose most distinguished book to date has been a wonderfully lively account of the Klondike excitements, is much in debt to a number of antecedent students of the Gould family saga including Holbrook; and Tebbel, when he comes to Gould, covers very much the same ground.

All three authors, mindful that the acquisition of the great American fortunes has been a matter of much painstaking research in the past—and that, sentimental biology to the contrary notwithstanding, the great American love story is that of money—have devoted space in varying degrees to the equally fascinating business of how these fortunes were spent or disintegrated. Curiously enough, they all agree, again in varying measure, that government taxation has been far less effective an agency in achieving the proverbial shirt-sleeve cycle among rich inheritors than their own foolishness, extravagance, and ineptitude. Mr. Hoyt, for example, unhesitatingly pinpoints the day and almost the hour that the Vanderbilt fortunes went into irrevocable decline: when William Henry Vanderbilt, the Commodore's heir to a $100,000,000 fortune, allowed control of New York Central, which the Commodore had repeatedly cautioned him must be maintained within the family and under one-man control, to become a property in part owned by outside investors.

Similarly, Mr. O'Connor calls attention to the business ineptitude—combined with the delusion that he, too, was an empire builder—that prompted George Gould to muff an opportunity to acquire control of the Southern Pacific, which would have made him the foremost power in the American railroad scene and which was unhesitatingly grabbed by the competent and formidable E. H. Harriman.

O'Connor, Tebbel, and Hoyt, of course, pay appropriate tribute to the incredible capacity for waste and costly ostentation that were part of the character of all rich men's wives in the generation of the moguls. Six- and eight-million-dollar homes at Newport, seagoing yachts in useless multiplicity, and titled sons-in-law like Boni de Castellane could put a powerful dent in even $100,000,000. None of them could accomplish the devastation of limitless procreation of heirs and the syphoning off of vast sums through divorce. The point is repeatedly stressed that if an American archmillionaire of the Nineties had remained single or at least childless and married to a woman of reasonably stable mentality, not all the inroads of taxation and time would have brought him to the bad financial end achieved by most Goulds, all Vanderbilts and Hearsts. There were others, Mellons and Rockefellers, who did vastly better for themselves.

Of the three books, that of Mr. Tebbel covers by far the greatest territory, including as it does Carnegies, Stotesburys, Dukes, Woolworths, Guggenheims, Fields, McCormicks, Phippses, and Mellons.

Mr. O'Connor's study of the Gould millions is, because of the necessary associations with low-comedy characters such as Jim Fisk and Dan'l Drew, the least inhibited. It contains on page 120 a wonderful and, at least to the reviewer, altogether new photograph from the invaluable files of Brown Brothers of Jay Gould as a young man of fashion. Howard Gould on page 121 is not, however, in the uniform of a conductor of the Missouri Pacific Railroad as described in the caption, unless that carrier improbably went in for wicker furniture and mahogany deck houses.

Mr. Hoyt's full-length court portrait of the Vanderbilts, well over half of which is, quite properly, devoted to the Commodore, is by far the most detailed, scholarly, and, to those fascinated by the minutiae of life among the very well-to-do, the most abundantly rewarding. It errs, however, in its final pages in the suggestion that the acquisition of the New York Central Railroad by a group of Texans was vastly beneficial to the destinies of the carrier.

Obviously, there must be a great deal of repetition in the three books under consideration where their separate themes for a time run parallel or are identical in the record. The battle for control of Erie was a Gould-Vanderbilt contest that receives ample coverage in Hoyt, O'Connor, and Tebbel alike. The dissipation of the Gould fortunes is the legitimate concern of both "Gould's Millions" and an appropriate chapter in "The Inheritors." So is the decline of the Vanderbilt dynasty a part of the editorial economy of "The Vanderbilts" and "The Inheritors." No comprehensive book on the great fortunes of the period and their acquisitors and spenders but must in some measure cover ground that has been adequately treated in antecedent or coincidental histories. The validity of this trio of books derives (a) from the fact that a new generation of readers has come along since most of the predecessor volumes and (b) that the authors accord new thematic treatment to older basic and factual material.

—*Brown Brothers.*

John Jacob Astor and son Vincent—a new image of wealth.

Over-all these three admirable surveys tend to place the American acquisitor of the age of the moguls in a much more proper perspective than he has been hitherto given. A hanker for dynastic success and marriage to some of the most imbecile women in history did him in at the last.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 967

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 967 will be found in the next issue.

ONA PL RN AEZDBCPO CTK AEN CTTOL; RPA CTK AENH AEN KNLA TC PL YTPOM DTA LPYYNNM.

HZKB AGZWD.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 966

It takes fifty years to grow a great forest and then some chump drops a lighted match.

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

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FICTION

Excerpts from the East

"Modern Japanese Stories: An Anthology," edited by Ivan Morris *(Tuttle. 501 pp. $6.50), encompasses both familiar writers and those less known in the Occident, with subjects ranging from a sadistic tattoo artist to a young lord seeking acceptance as an ordinary man among retainers who insist on groveling to his rank. William Clifford, co-editor of "A Treasury of Modern Asian Stories," specializes in the literature of the Orient.*

By William Clifford

INCIDENTAL to the evils of war, and to the military necessity of learning an enemy's language, we now have before us a rich modern literature heretofore virtually unknown. This well-designed volume of twenty-five stories by twenty-five different Japanese writers is the work of four skilled translators: the editor, Ivan Morris; Edward Seidensticker, George Saito, and Geoffrey Sargent. Their results show little similarity to much of the translation of Japanese done in the earlier decades of the century. Only once in a great while does the general excellence lapse into a bit of overly formal, dated dialogue. Slang and rapid, impassioned speech have always been a special challenge to translators.

But what a wealth of many sorts this book is. Familiar names, to begin with: Akutagawa, Dazai, Kawabata, Mishima, Shiga, Tanizaki. Of these, I found particularly impressive Tanizaki's "Tattoo," published in 1910. Early "romantic" Tanizaki, written in reaction to the prevailing naturalism, this strange piece shows the author's obsession with cruelty, with the demonic or satanic. The tattoo artist Seikichi, who takes pleasure in the nearly unendurable pain he inflicts on his customers, has long dreamed of expressing himself on the skin of a beautiful girl. One is sent to him, a young girl who is the ward of a geisha. Seikichi shows her two paintings, one of a Chinese princess watching a man about to be beheaded, the other of a young woman gazing with satisfaction at a group of corpses. He tells her that these symbolize her future, that men will lose their lives because of her.

She is terrified but fascinated. Feebly she asks to leave, but Seikichi has determined to give her the tattoo that will make her most attractive and fulfill her fate. First he administers a powerful narcotic. Then he labors throughout the day and night, pouring his soul into the design on her back—an enormous spider. As she breathes, the spider's gigantic legs move like those of a living animal.

The girl awakes and would see the tattoo, but first she must take a bath to brighten the colors. As she steps into the steaming water her eyes glisten with pain. When she recovers from the bath she has become the woman of the two paintings. Naturally, Seikichi is her first victim.

Equal to the enjoyment of work by familiar writers is the discovery of talent less known. "On the Conduct of Lord Tadanao," published in 1918, is a long and rather old-fashioned story by Kikuchi Kan, whose version of the Kesa and Morito legend was employed in the film "Gate of Hell." Set in the seventeenth century, it tells of an impulsive young lord who wishes nothing more than to be accepted and treated as a man. When he discovers that his retainers are falsely allowing him victory in mock combat, he arranges a tournament with deadly weapons. Still they contrive to let him win, and their suicides are no gratification. He is a lonely man who turns to drink and soon strikes his most faithful old retainer. This too leads to suicide, as does a misunderstanding at the go table. Only in hunting is there any relief, for the birds and beasts cannot be suspected of rushing against his arrows simply because he is master of the province.

Lord Tadanao's excesses increase—from ordinary mistresses to daughters of important men, to girls about to be married, and to wives of three loyal retainers. Nowhere does he find a human reaction, nowhere anything but submission. Until at last one of the retainers whose wife is held captive by his lord makes an attempt on his life. Here is the rare creature who treats him like a man, and who makes him prove his strength by fending off the attack. The retainer and his wife are pardoned, but they too commit suicide in remorse. Finally the lord's mother, who has become a Buddhist nun, persuades him to abandon his

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

LIFE AND DEATH, WITH MUSIC

Composers, just as poets and painters, have long been concerned with existence and mortality, as witness the following examples. Vera Perlman of New York City asks you to assign the correct compositions to the correct composers. Answers on page 30.

1. "Frauenliebe und Leben"	( )	Bach
2. "From My Life" (Quartet in E)	( )	Delius
3. "A Life for the Czar"	( )	De Falla
4. "Mass of Life"	( )	Foss
5. "La Vida Breve"	( )	Glinka
6. "La Vie Parisienne"	( )	Liszt
7. "Death and Transfiguration"	( )	Mahler
8. "Isle of the Dead"	( )	Moussorgsky
9. "Kindertodtenlieder"	( )	Offenbach
10. "Komm du Suesser Tod" (Cantata 161)	( )	Rachmaninoff
11. "Parable of Death"	( )	Ravel
12. "Pavane for a Dead Princess"	( )	Schumann
13. "Prelude and Liebestod" (from "Tristan and Isolde")	( )	Smetana
14. "Songs and Dances of Death"	( )	Strauss
15. "Todtentanz"	( )	Wagner

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fief and go into exile as a monk. He lives on for many years, happily free of feudal responsibility.

A very different type of story, dating from 1926, is "Letter Found in a Cement-Barrel," by a hitherto untranslated proletarian writer, Hayama Yoshiki. Here, a worker who is busily mixing cement finds a little box with a letter in it, a letter written by a girl who sews bags in the cement factory. It reveals that her boy friend has fallen into the rock crusher.

> "The other men tried to pull him out, but it was no use. He sank down under the rock, just as if he was being drowned. Then the rock and his body were broken to pieces and came out together from the ejector looking like a big flat pink stone. . . . I could hear them screaming out some sort of a spell as they were finally crushed to bits. Then they were put into the burner and baked into a fine slab of cement. . . .
>
> "Are you a workman, too? If you are, have a heart and send me an answer. What is the cement in this barrel used for? I very much want to know.
>
> "How much cement did he become? And is it all used in the same place or in different places? . . . I couldn't bear to see him become the corridor of a theater or the wall of some large mansion. . . ."

The variety is most welcome; the selection is expert; and the biographical notes are an education in themselves. This is a comprehensive anthology of great distinction.

—*From "Japanese Short Stories."*

An Ironist Explores the Past

"Japanese Short Stories," by Ryunosuke Akutagawa, *translated by Takashi Kojima (Liveright. 224 pp. $4.95), concentrates on complex human motives in an exotic long-ago. Howard Hibbett, who teaches Japanese literature at Harvard University, wrote "The Floating World in Japanese Fiction" and translated Tanizaki's "The Key."*

By Howard Hibbett

RYUNOSUKE AKUTAGAWA, whose suicide in 1927 ended a prolific literary career, was the greatest master of irony that Japan has yet produced. It is easy to imagine how he would have relished his curious destiny—to be known to the world as the author of "Rashomon," the slight story which was not really the subject (that was another of his stories) of the celebrated motion picture of the same name.

Still, his short stories have been widely translated. This volume, with its striking illustrations by Masakazu Kuwata, is the sixth collection in English, and contains several that are available elsewhere. Of the unfamiliar ones, perhaps the best is "Genkaku-Sanbo," a wry psychological study of an old man dying of tuberculosis, attended by a sinister nurse who seems to have been attracted to her vocation by "a morbid interest in the sufferings of others." In a household that includes the old man's daughter, his crippled wife, and his mistress, the nurse's tastes are richly indulged.

Most of the other stories, however, show Akutagawa in his familiar role as an ironist exploring the dark corners of the past. Shame, humiliation, motives as complex and reprehensible as our own—these are the themes he treats with characteristic brilliance and economy, against a historical background almost as exotic to modern Japanese as to ourselves. Readers who admire Kabuki, the *ukiyo-e* color prints, or such films as "Rashomon" and "Gate of Hell" will find much to interest them in this book.

Regrettably, though, they will find only a distorted reflection of Akutagawa's spare, vivid style. Takashima Kojima's translations range from the merely flat—here, one suspects, the editorial process has been carried furthest—to the appallingly bad. Only "Hell Screen" manages to convey something of Akutagawa's superb descriptive powers, and a comparison with the much superior version in Donald Keene's anthology, "Modern Japanese Literature," will reveal how much has been lost.

In compensation, one is rewarded by such phrases as "a voice pregnant with a smile," or "swiggering another cup of rice wine." A departing traveler remarks that he is wearing leggings and straw sandals, and then adds: "As the old-fashioned expression goes, my heart sank deeper into my boots." The old-fashioned expression of the Japanese text is, literally, "feeling drawn by the back hair"—reluctant to leave, that is.

Numerous misprints complete the disfigurement of Akutagawa's art.

SECRET HEAVEN: Maritta Wolff's **"Buttonwood"** (Random House, $4.95) is a solid work. By degrees it unfolds the life of Paul Maitland through three days and nights. In scenes and half-scenes, cumulative lightning flashes and a powerful current of narrative, we see the depths and the tragedy within the depths of this good man.

He is a World War II hero working in a factory. The novel opens just after he has received the neatly ironic Fifteen-Year-Man award of a gold pen-and-pencil set. His cheerful toughness, his profane and happy love of life, his absolute generosity of spirit and pocket, make us like him and seek with him. With his shuffling gait and free-swing-

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ing joy against all odds—and he is one of those who raise the odds against themselves—he is much more than good old Paul, provider and spirit-sustainer for mother and aunt, friend's widow and child, and a maker of friends on earth. He is a hero whose heroism goes leagues beyond war, a truth he would be the first to deny.

Yet for all his freshness, for all the point that he is the living river from which this story puts out its channels, the story is also somber and brackish; something swamplike and glutinous and half-dead has trapped most of its people. It is not just the summer weather, blasting with uncomfortable fidelity; it is a weather of the soul, driving the old into stale waters, drowning the young in wilful whirlpools. Sometimes the author seems more intent on soaking us with detailed hopelessness than she is on allowing her people to breathe their own air, speak their own thoughts. As a result, the spiritual cards are stacked against almost everybody but Paul; as a further result, because we feel that he is not always confronted by genuine human darkness but by certain "characters" scorned by the author's fierce will, the protagonist himself is not as moving as he ought to be.

Yet when Saturday night comes and we learn the secret of Paul's heaven—a secret called "Buttonwood"—we also reach eloquent meaning. The meaning is no parable; the realism is too close to the ground for that. But it stands as a statement of man really alive and kicking against every uncharity and murder of the heart; a tender man and a great one. He is, finally, a hero who bears, with a dignity his surface-life belies, the weight and impact of a worthy novel. —PAUL DARCY BOLES.

—From "Elizabeth and Leicester."

Elizabeth—"whimsically feminine."

THE PAST

Liaison of the Spinster Queen

"Elizabeth and Leicester," by Elizabeth Jenkins *(Coward-McCann. 371 pp. $5.75), brings into clearer focus the ebullient years when England was ruled by an indomitable, orange-haired woman. Harry T. Moore is preparing a literary anthology of that period.*

By Harry T. Moore

THE STORY of the love affair between Elizabeth I and the Earl of Leicester, which may not have been a love affair at all, has for these four centuries teetered along the borderline of history and gossip. In the present book the author of that excellent biography "Elizabeth the Great" takes the long-enduring and fiercely intimate relationship of queen and courtier as the basis for a fresh study of their age of rich-colored velvets, flashing laces, and eager swords. To say this is not to suggest that Miss Jenkins goes in for decorative vividness at the expense of the psychological and political features of that great epoch: for all its color her book is sound history.

When Elizabeth came to the throne at the age of twenty-five in 1558, she was besieged by suitors, most of them foreign princes. But the woman who showed masculine iron in statecraft was whimsically feminine in the way she kept these importunate men dangling. One of them was her childhood friend, the future Earl of Leicester; he was married, but in 1560 his wife, Amy Robsart, died with spectacular convenience: she was found at the foot of a stone staircase at her home, with her neck broken. Her husband had a firm alibi of absence, but whether or not he had arranged to have Amy murdered has become one of the most celebrated among historical mysteries. Miss Jenkins is inclined to accept the verdict of the coroner's jury, death by accident; Amy, in any event, seems to have been nearly dead from cancer. But England at the time buzzed with rumor as the dashing widower became increasingly familiar with the queen, who when investing him with the robes of earldom a few years later, mischievously tickled his neck. He kept making proposals of marriage, which she kept turning down, though she flared up in jealous fury when she discovered that he had finally married Lady Essex, who then became *persona non grata* at court.

Leicester smoothed his own way back into Elizabeth's favor, though for a while he lost it again during his conduct of the war in the Netherlands. When, shortly after the blasting of the Armada in 1588, Leicester died of a fever, rumor took wing again: he had been poisoned; he had even been murdered by sorcery. The queen, who displayed her frivolities in public but kept her griefs private, locked herself into a room for several days until members of the council forced open the door.

It is the dynamic Elizabeth, tense face white under orange hair, who dominates this book. Miss Jenkins believes that Elizabeth was in more than mere name the Virgin Queen, that she had been conditioned by shocks received in early childhood and adolescence. When Elizabeth was nearly three, her mother, Ann Boleyn, was beheaded for unfaithfulness to her husband, Henry VIII; barely a year later, the first of the little girl's stepmothers died in agony in childbirth; another of them was executed for adultery when the future queen was nearly eight. In Elizabeth's adolescence her uncle and close friend, Lord Thomas Seymour, once discovered erotically embracing her, was caught playing some other dangerous games and had his head chopped off. In Miss Jenkins's view, the combination of all these violent incidents, connected in one way or another with manifestations of love, froze Elizabeth sexually.

Miss Jenkins also documents Leicester's life with all possible thoroughness, but her portrait of him is not nearly so definitive as that of Elizabeth. Although the author shows him in action as an intriguer, philanderer, military leader, and literary patron, she never brings her attitude toward him into sharp focus, as she does for example in the case of Lord Burleigh, and she never provides a distinct evaluation of Leicester's career. For the most part, however, through her insights into those flamboyant years and through her expert use of sources and earlier syntheses, Miss Jenkins contributes importantly to our further understanding of that ebullient time when a woman of commanding brilliance and vigorous will made a great age greater.

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They Wore Roses Red and White

"The Last Plantagenets," by Thomas B. Costain *(Doubleday. 418 pp. $5.75), brims with the bloodshed and spectacle of fifteenth-century Great Britain. John Clive is associate professor of history at the University of Chicago.*

By John Clive

THIS is the fourth and final volume of the author's "Pageant of England"; and those in search of pageantry in history will certainly find it here. There are good kings and bad kings; gruesome murders and sumptuous wedding feasts; wicked uncles and stout-hearted knights; licentious ladies, ladies whose "trimness of figure verged only slightly on the voluptuous," and ladies who are "the loveliest in the whole land." Battles are bloodily fought, men are drawn and quartered. And those readers too downcast by "the most grim and most fateful fortnight in the history of England" can find solace a few pages later with some "luscious, crumbling pies" containing the merest hint of vegetables, "and ah, the great spoonfuls of gravy, with just a bit of suet!"

The author is perfectly frank about what he is doing in depicting fourteenth- and fifteenth-century English history. He tells us at one point that he wishes to concentrate upon the more spectacular episodes and the colorful human figures of the period. When he comes to the battle of Agincourt, "familiar ground to readers of the Plantagenet story," he makes short work of it and blithely continues: "And so—better to choose the romance of Henry of England and Katherine of France." Five pages later Henry glimpses Katherine's complexion, which had "the Bavarian freshness of snow and mountain berries," while her figure "promised an engaging maturity without any fear of reaching the outlines of the licentious Isabeau."

It isn't all bloodshed and pageantry. Interspersed among them are little disquisitions on Wycliffe and his Bible translation, on the building of London Bridge, and on Caxton and his printing press. And there are some serious historical judgments. Richard the Second is partially exonerated from the harsh verdict of the Lancastrian chroniclers familiar to us through Shakespeare's play. Richard the Third, somewhat less convincingly, but not without some ingenuity, is completely exonerated not only from the murder of the two little Princes in the Tower, but from all his other supposedly unsavory attributes and acts. And the author propounds a clever theory to make credible the drowning of the Duke of Clarence in a butt of malmsey.

Here, then, to quote the dust-jacket, is "this century of excitement and romance and stories stranger than fiction." To point out that seeing history to such a great extent in terms of colorful individuals creates a serious imbalance, and that even the occasional use of imaginary thoughts and dialogue (however much verisimilitude they may have) is a risky business may be considered a pedantic cavil. Many readers will probably derive enjoyment and instruction from this treatment, and possibly even an interest in English history which will lead them to less exuberant, more balanced, and in some ways no doubt duller books.

ACCEPTED JUDGMENTS: The author of the six provocative essays published as **"What Is History?"** (Knopf, $3.50) is a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and first delivered them as lectures for the edification of his academic colleagues. Later, the British Broadcasting Company put them on the air, and now they are available in print. As Edward Hallett Carr's special field is the twentieth century, and his most notable work "A History of Soviet Russia," the fact that he finds himself at odds with the more conservative British historians will hardly cause surprise.

Many of his barbed shafts hit their marks with such deadly accuracy it is a pity that most Americans, ignorant of the infighting that enlivens British academic debates, will miss some of the subtler sallies. But no intelligent reader can fail to enjoy the skill with which Carr assails the prejudices and parochialism of dogmatic opponents.

He levels his first attack against "the nineteenth-century fetishism of facts." History, he submits (quoting Geoffrey Barraclough), is "not factual at all, but a series of accepted judgments." On this side of the Atlantic Carl Becker dissected that problem a generation ago, and it is somewhat surprising to find British historians joining battle over it in the 1960s.

Carr's second point is so obvious it seems strange that he has to defend it. "The past," he affirms, "is intelligible to us only in the light of the present; and we can fully understand the present only in the light of the past." But he advances to a third and more arresting conclusion. "History acquires meaning and objectivity only when it establishes a coherent relation between past and future." The relevance of history is functional: it depends upon the extent to which the study of the past helps us to meet current problems and to anticipate future developments.

It follows that leaders and nations that evade distasteful conclusions forfeit the advantages that a realistic appraisal of history offers. For "the study of history is a study of causes," and those who deceive themselves concerning the causes at work blind themselves to the approaching consequences. "History," Carr notes with irony, "was full of meaning for British historians so long as it was going our way; now that it has taken a wrong turning, belief in the meaning of history has become a heresy."

It is all part of the game that a Cambridge Fellow should aim his wittiest shafts at Oxford rivals. But Carr does not hesitate to indict the parochialism of Cambridge historians also. He points out:

> What may well be regarded in the future as the greatest historical work produced in Cambridge during the past decade has been written entirely outside the history department, and without any assistance from it: I refer to Dr. Needham's "Science and Civilization in China." This is a sobering thought.

No less sobering is Carr's conclusion that many British and American thinkers no longer view change "as achievement, as opportunity, as progress, but as an object of fear."

—GEOFFREY BRUUN.

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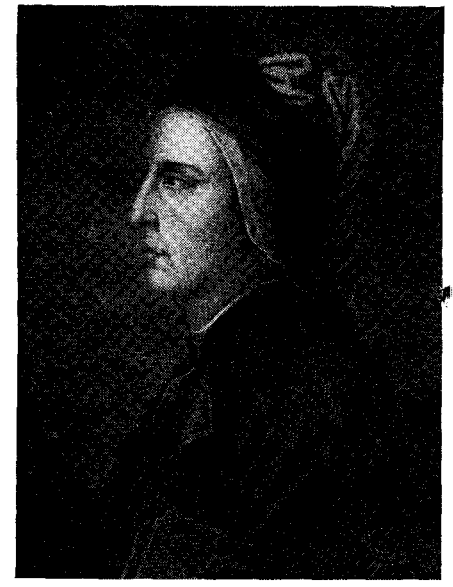
RENAISSANCE POET

Journey Beyond the Styx

Two new English versions of portions from the "Divine Comedy" and a critical evaluation of Italy's greatest poet are provided in ***"The Purgatorio: A Verse Translation for the Modern Reader," by John Ciardi*** *(Mentor. Paperback. 350 pp. 75¢),* ***"The Inferno from La Divina Commedia of Dante Alighieri," translated into English verse by Warwick Chipman*** *(Oxford University Press. 184 pp. $3), and* ***"Dante, Poet of the Secular World," by Erich Auerbach,*** *translated by Ralph Manheim (University of Chicago Press. 195 pp. $5). Robert J. Clements, who assesses them, was president last year of the American Association of Teachers of Italian. His most recent Renaissance study is "Michelangelo's Theory of Art."*



—Bettmann Archive.

Dante—a robust vocabulary.

By Robert J. Clements

AS THE 700th anniversary of Dante's birth draws near, publishers are stockpiling an impressive number of translations of the "Divine Comedy," this despite the warning of Henry Adams: "The whole Trinity, with the Virgin Mary to aid, has not the power to pardon him who should translate Dante." Such a profusion of English versions is inevitable. Translators of Dante are Sisyphuses who press ever closer to the desired pinnacle, only to realize the impossibility of their task and begin over again from the bottom. As John Ciardi sagaciously allows in his note, "Obviously no sane translator can allow himself to dream of success. He asks only for the best possible failure." Translators are spurred on by the dream of an ideal rendering, if not indeed by the very existence of Dante's monumental poem. The hill of Purgatory, like Mount Everest, looms as a formidable challenge, simply "because it's there."

This ferment of activity has been continuing in America since 1843, when the Boston dentist-poet Thomas William Parsons Englished ten cantos of the "Inferno." Until recent times the two most important American translators were Longfellow and Charles Eliot Norton. After a seemingly endless labor of the file, Longfellow confided in his journal: "It takes more time than it did to make it." His version, although completed before the untiring and sometimes repetitious researches of modern Dante scholars, remains an American classic. It can be purchased today, with his professorial notes, as a Doubleday Dolphin (three-volume) paperback, and is to appear as a Collier book prepared by Bernard Stambler.

Neither Longfellow nor Norton, however, accepted the particular challenge offered by Dante's complex rhyme-scheme, as do the poets Chipman and Ciardi. After serving as Canadian Ambassador to Chile and Argentina and as High Commissioner for India, Warwick Chipman retired at seventy-five, to spend four years on a version of the "Inferno." He thus retired from public life, but not from public service. His goal he expressed as follows: "I have always wished for a translation of the 'Divine Comedy' that would say everything Dante said and nothing that he did not say, but would say it in his verse form, and would, as far as possible, put his tone and his style into English poetry so as to convey not only to an English mind, but also to an English ear, something of the pleasure of the original." Echoing Ciardi's prefatory remark, Chipman admits: "I cannot pretend to have achieved the ideal I had in mind." He is too modest. Much of the cadence, music, purity, and gravity of the "Inferno" successfully crosses the bridge of language in Chipman's treatment. Dante's *terza rima,* that product of a medieval mentality wishing to impose on poetry the shackles borne by rhetoric, comes across with seeming naturalness and ease. (One remembers nevertheless Dante's outcry, "No one knows how much blood it cost!") A few odd rhymes must be accepted by the reader, but all in all his tercet rhyming manages to stay surprisingly close to the original.

John Ciardi has already supplied us with a well-received version of the "Inferno" and with essays on translating and reading Dante. The challenge of Dante's *terza rima* is not entirely picked up by him. "English," he notes, "is a rhyme-poor language. It was obvious to me that the price of forcing that third rhyme into place in English was ruinous to the language. There are approximately 4,500 lines in each third of the 'Divine Comedy.' One must find 1,500 triple-rhymes to render each third into *terza rima,* and English has no such rhyme resources." Whatever rebuttal Mr. Chipman may have achieved to this stated premise, Ciardi's solution is an ingenious one. Aware that all isolated three-line units of Dante's poem run *aba,* Ciardi takes each three-line cluster as autonomous and not interwoven with neighboring *bcb's* and *cdc's,* and gives it an autonomous *aba* rhyme pattern. This he calls "dummy *terza rima.*" It is a clever maneuver, although a purist might argue that this departs from the original's total dedication to medieval, acrobatic versification (to the Middle Ages, an end in itself of poetry). Indeed, one might question with Longfellow whether any rhyme need thus be retained at all. Yet the end product is to Ciardi "reasonably English, reasonably poetry, and reasonably faithful to Dante's pace and his special way of using language." What is reasonably poetry to Ciardi is very good poetry, in fact.

Ciardi's note on translation poses no special theory. He characterizes theory, for that matter, as something that concerns the poet-translator "only until he picks up his pen, . . . and as soon as he lays it down." He knows that his work of imitation is completed when its *feel* pleases him, just as Aristide Maillol knew a statue was finished by running his hand over its back-

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sides. When a translation has a good feel to a good poet, it is useless to quibble, for example, that upon reading the very first three-line unit one encounters a word ("dark") absent in Dante's original. Indeed, Ciardi cautions us about useless quibbling in his preface, and he is, of course, right. Ciardi's "Purgatory" has accuracy, movement, rightness of tone—in sum, "the sense of the original." After nineteenth-century gentilities (still present in Chipman, where *culo* becomes "croup"), it is good to find the robust vocabulary employed by Ciardi. Despite his pious outcry against the "plebeian words of a Guittone d'Arezzo," the Tuscan Dante often departed from the elegance he so admired in the Povençal poet Giraut de Bornelh. With its full summaries and notes, the Ciardi translation is welcome indeed.

Since translation is in itself an interpretation of a text, albeit interpretation against odds, we note here the appearance of the interpretative essay by Erich Auerbach, first entitled *"Dante als Dichter der irdischen Welt."* Auerbach, now achieving a posthumous fame after a lifetime marked by Dantean political exile, originally published in 1929 his penetrating analysis of the thought and style of Dante. It incorporated the *Stilstudien* method that Auerbach learned from his early master Leo Spitzer but adopted more cautiously. The work has a heightened interest in anticipating the well-known theorizings on *figura* which Auerbach was to elaborate later in "Mimesis" (1942-45). In 1929 the preoccupation with mimesis, poetic vision, and representation was already much in evidence, and Auerbach anticipated his later claim that Dante is the intermediary between figural interpretation of Scripture by early churchmen and the eventual realism of Western European writers. He alleges (after Stefan George) that "Dante discovered the European representation (*Gestalt*) of man, and this [literary] representation made its appearance in art and historiography."

Ralph Manheim has done very well with the original and sometimes ponderous German. (One remembers *malgré soi* Thurber's remark that he always preferred translations, for something was always missing in the original.)

I cannot help deploring that, while Dante's greatest work is now available in depth to readers of English, his other works as well as the "other" works of Petrarch and Boccaccio are largely unavailable in translation. I do not speak of "minor works" of this trio for nothing they wrote was minor.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

Path to Pan-American Fraternity

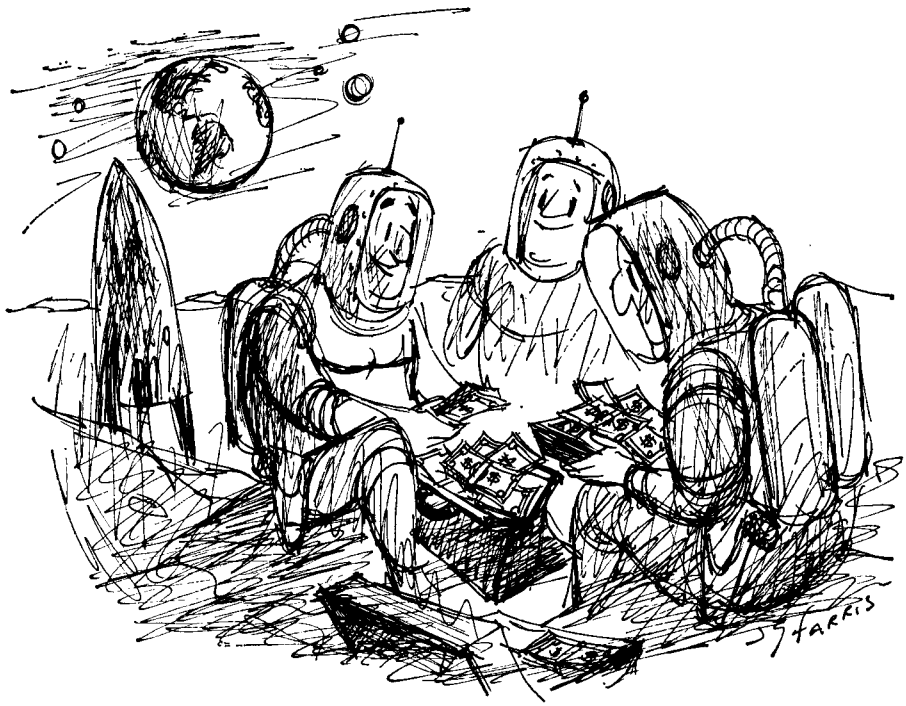
"The Making of the Good Neighbor Policy," by Bryce Wood *(Columbia University Press. 361 pp. $7.50), reveals the impact of personality in human affairs and uncovers the roots of some of the Latin countries' distrust of the U.S. D. W. Brogan is the author of "America in the Modern World."*

By D. W. Brogan

WITHOUT being ostentatiously dramatic, without being encumbered by fine writing, Bryce Wood's book is exciting. It has an important story to tell and tells it lucidly, with a good sense of proportion and an unobtrusive sense of the role of personality in human affairs, even in the normally bloodless ballet of diplomacy. We can see the personalities as well as the judgments of Cordell Hull, Sumner Welles, Jefferson Caffrey, even of FDR, affecting policy. We can see responsible American leaders learning the hard way that the path to Pan-American fraternity is long and rocky. We can see them learning how different one side of a medal can look from the other. And, since one of the great problems facing American policy-makers is just what to do with the Latin sisters, this book is timely as well as scholarly. It will, I suggest, do at least as much to explain the contemporary Cuban problem as many more "modern" studies.

From the "Yanquí" point of view, the Cubans have always been ungrateful. The Yanquís freed them, at a considerable cost in money if not in lives. They could have replaced Spain as ruler of Cuba, but instead gave it independence subject only to what lawyers call "servitudes," and there were only two of them, the Platt Amendment and the naval base at Guantánamo. The base was and is an economic advantage to Cuba. The Platt Amendment, with its right of intervention, was freely renounced early in the Roosevelt era. And yet, look at Cuba now!

To the Cubans it was not so simple or so edifying. Leaving aside their doubtful theory that they could have freed themselves, the Platt Amendment, by the time it was abandoned, was a nuisance to the United States. The special position given to Cuban



"I bet the police are combing the Bronx looking for us."

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sugar fastened the chains of "monoculture" on the island and supported the feudal elements in Cuban society. But more than that, if the United States through the agency of Sumner Welles forced out Machado, it also forced out Grau San Martín and opened the way for Batista. The United States appeared to be more interested in "order" than in freedom, and backed Batista up to very nearly the end. Dr. Wood here combines narrative and criticism in admirable proportions, and we are shown the roots of "Fidelismo."

Hull and Welles learned their lesson. In Mexico, in Bolivia, in Venezuela they showed moderation and sympathy, and enforced moderation on American business, whose temper was still that of the age portrayed in O. Henry's "Cabbages and Kings." Yet the power of the State Department to control Standard Oil of New Jersey was limited; the most it could do was to make it plain that neither the Marines nor the State Department would salvage the oil companies' assets. The companies were slow to recognize the new facts of life, and after the death of the Venezuelan dictator Gomez they retained the managerial personnel who had played ball with him, a piece of pig-headedness that had to be paid for.

But it is not all a story of Yanquí folly or wickedness. Then as now, the Americans thought that good-neighborly conduct would cut both ways. Then as now, Latin American countries were glad to have a whipping boy. Many a local scandal and scoundrel was hidden under indignant verbiage. And, a point usually ignored, the mere possession of the land in which oil lay gave rise to the kind of "rent" that old-fashioned Socialists used to denounce.

What Dr. Wood has to say is important. Where the record is obscure, he says so. And he says so clearly.

Steps to Global Stature

"Imperial Democracy: The Emergence of America as a Great Power," by Ernest R. May *(Harcourt, Brace & World. 270 pp. $6.75), agrees that 1898 is the date the United States became a nation to be reckoned with, and explains why. Twice a Pulitzer Prize-winner, Samuel Flagg Bemis is Sterling Profesor Emeritus of Diplomatic History and Inter-American Relations at Yale University.*

By Samuel Flagg Bemis

A TRIPLE birth of world powers! What an unprecedented phenomenon is the history of international relations. It happened at the turn of the last century, between the years 1885-1905—a short period in the life of the modern world. The birth of but one new world power, Germany, was an event to upset the calculation of statesmen of the old order. The quick appearance of another, the United States, astonished the diplomatists and strategists of the globe. The entrance of a third, Japan, enormously complicated the international state system. There followed an alignment and counter-alignment of national interests that led to the wars of the terrible twentieth century and drove the United States out of the safety of its traditional isolation into the present fateful posture of power.

Historians have long since addressed themselves to just how and when the United States did become a world power. Some of them have connected it with the American industrial revolution and the new geopolitical picture of power and politics at the close of the nineteenth century, which ended what C. Vann Woodward calls the "free security" of a century of isolation. David M. Potter finds our national power conceived by modern technology out of continental abundance—to use a horse breeder's metaphor. Julius W. Pratt attributes the new status not only to strategic requirements in the new picture, but to psychological impulses as well.

Almost by common agreement historical scholarship has placed the birth of the United States as a world power at the end of the Cuban-Spanish-American War. A distinguished historian of American foreign policy, Professor Thomas A. Bailey, takes exception: citing John Adams over a century ago, he says that we have really been a world power ever since our independence. That is to say, we had from early times the *potential* of continental abundance to be exploited by technology.

Ernest R. May does not dissent from the general consensus as to the date of birth: 1898. Before then we did not count, whatever our potential, as a world power in the councils of the European chancelleries; since then we have had to be reckoned with.

Professor May has previously made a major contribution to the diplomatic history of the United States in his notable study, published in 1959, "The World War and American Isolation, 1914-1917," which, in the opinion of this reviewer, has helped greatly to clarify the waning revisionist controversy on American intervention in that conflict by placing the responsibility squarely on the shoulders of General Von Ludendorf rather than Woodrow Wilson. In that important work he exploited the German archives captured by the Allies at the end of the Second World War, and united a multi-archival and multilingual study of international politics with a careful analysis of domestic politics in both the United States and Germany.

He follows the same method of inquiry in the present significant study, which is based on a formidable array of American, British, French, Spanish, Cuban, Italian, and Russian diplomatic documents and secondary works. (Amidst these recondite references, one misses mention of some well-known standard works on the subject presumably known to him.)

Professor May stops with the emergence of the United States as a world power. He does not go into the evolution of what Foster Rhea Dulles in his book "The Imperial Years" so aptly calls "America's Brief Moment of Imperial Power." That, we gather, is a broad field for "some other book"—let us hope by Mr. May himself.

HERE he puts less stress on the new strategical picture than he does on public opinion and popular psychology. The collision between Spain and the United States, he finds, sprang from a combination of domestic politics independently heading up in each country, without much regard or understanding for what was going on in the other. In the United States an outburst of popular hysteria pushed a reluctant and uncourageous President McKinley, over the protests of business interests, into intervention in Cuba for fear of losing control of the Republican Party.

"From first to last," concludes the author, "the leaders of American opinion concerned themselves either with abstract morality or with conditions inside the United States. They scarcely gave thought of proclaiming to the world that America was a power. They were at most only incidentally concerned about real or imagined interests abroad. They gave no sign that they meant the [U.S.] to become a factor in the international balance."

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Legislative Canons and Quips

"History of the House of Representatives," by George D. Galloway *(Crowell. 320 pp. $7.50),* ***"The Wit and Wisdom of Congress," edited by Edward Boykin*** *(Funk & Wagnalls. 420 pp. $5), and* ***"An American in Washington," by Russell Baker*** *(Knopf. 242 pp. $3.95), present a balanced view of our national legislative halls, in which the solemnities have always been leavened by the sallies. Harvey J. Bresler, who writes extensively on political and economic subjects, teaches at Wilkes College.*

By Harvey J. Bresler

RECENT decades have seen a decline in policy-making by Congress. With this has come a corresponding loss of prestige and damage to what our communications operatives call the Public Image of our legislature. These are developments with serious overtones. Not the least is that any weakening of Congress tends to undermine that balance between the three branches of government which has always given dimension to our democratic process.

What is the explanation for this atrophy of Congressional prerogatives? For a good clue, one can turn to "History of the House of Representatives," a comprehensive, lucidly written work of research and interpretation (although it suffers somewhat from its textbook style). The Founding Fathers had expected that once the central government was firmly on its feet Congress would be left with relatively little to do. This hope was to prove illusory. With territorial expansion and both population and industrial growth came a flood of issues, which soon got our national legislature bogged down. From the First Congress in 1789 to the Eighty-Fifth in 1955 the bills introduced increased more than sixtyfold, the committees to handle the rising flood of legislation grew from forty to 5,180, and the number of laws multiplied sixteen times. Compounding this staggering increment in work load was the growing complexity of the problems caused by a technological age, two world wars within a generation, a great depression with its attendant reforms, and the emergence in the world of opposing ideologies and national systems.

As Mr. Galloway interprets the record, the Presidency with its vast administrative machinery has appeared, in recent years, better qualified to take over many of the functions previously handled by the national legislature. Thus we have seen a gradual though inexorable shift in legislative initiative from Congress to the Executive. Others have advanced additional reasons for this shift: the growing use of the Presidential veto as a brake on undesirable legislation, and the utilization of the press conference as a potent weapon to marshal public opinion behind or in opposition to proposed measures.

This transfer in leadership has created a sense of frustration among our lawmakers, which has often erupted into overt hostility to Presidential proposals. While Mr. Galloway won't go so far as to call it government by deadlock, he is aware of the danger in intramural bickering at the national level. Perhaps our greatest expert on Congressional reform, he offers concrete suggestions for lightening the legislative caseload.

Are merely procedural remedies sufficient to solve the basic problem of Congress? The author, essentially a technician rather than critic, ventures no opinion. Other students of government are inclined to be pessimistic. Max Lerner in his "America as a Civilization" speaks of the dilemma of Congress as "of a body which still has, at least in theory, the control of both the purse and the sword but which, in effect, finds that the decision over great events . . . has passed to the President and his experts. Caught in this dilemma Congress has been groping for a new place in American life. . . . It remains to be seen whether Congress will be able to combine the legitimate watchdog function with that steady and critical sifting of the great issues of the time, for which it was originally intended, instead of the trivia which too often occupies its attention."

WHAT about these trivia of Congress? Largely they are the quips, anecdotes, and gems of rhetoric that have been pouring from legislative mandibles for lo, these almost 200 years. Only a dedicated researcher like Edward Boykin could have taken on the monumental task of unearthing from their entombment in the annals of Congress the choicest of these gems for his book. Furthermore he has shown fine selectivity in picking material that relates, by and large, to some of the great issues of our history. And if the literary capers he anthologizes represent too much "time out" from more serious legislative endeavors, perhaps we need to follow the advice of Senator James Reed of Missouri and "stop passing laws. We have enough laws now to govern the world for the next ten

Song for Patricia

By Robert Pack

BLUEING backward into space, blue light,
And on the shore—junk of the sea:
Lobster claws, starfish, mussel shells, anemone;
And in the forward-whitening air,
Ribbed clouds curled like a sleeping cat
Whose eye the sun blinks open to a stare
That shines upon him standing there,
Marking my appearance in my sight.
And doubting still, my eyes still see
Appearing whom I have become
Where in the sun-cat's eye I am,
Being happy, being here,
Wherever that may be,
All in the hour of the at last natural year,
With you still entering into me.

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thousand years." Truly a legislative bon mot that is something to think about.

"An American in Washington," by a member of the New York *Times* Washington News Bureau, also considers, alas only in small doses, what he calls the American parliament. Like Mr. Galloway, Russell Baker records, always with tongue in cheek, some of its inconsistencies, like the quaint relationship between Congress and the President, who, if he is to succeed in bypassing legislative roadblocks, must "maintain one of the busiest lobbying operations in the Capital and often play the horse trader to realize his goals." The Senate, the author reminds us, may not, by its own rules, perform its legitimate functions and can only transact business legally after suspending the "rules."

Mr. Baker impiously comments on the spectrum of life in the never-never land that is Washington, D.C., where "famous men have had knives placed so professionally in their backs that they have learned about it only by reading the next morning's newspapers"; a city, he tells us, where the favorite words are "Implement, Coordinate, Formulate, Finalize and Definalize," but where the one most accurate word would be "Obfuscate."

In dedicating his urbane, witty book to "easing tensions between the United States of America and the District of Columbia" the author has proved himself to be a sober social scientist. For while recording the aberrations that abound in Washington he has, at the same time, remained aware of some of its nicer points. By seeing that which is silly but not sinister, inept but not inhuman, he invests Washington with a sense of balance that the rest of the country might well emulate. Might he not have more appropriately dedicated his fine book to the annexation of the United States of America by the District of Columbia?

Distinguished foreign observers like Tocqueville and Bryce and, latterly, Harold Laski and D. W. Brogan have shrewdly understood how our democracy functions—and why. Wielding the intellectual rapier, even at times the scalpel, Mr. Baker has done a skilful job in a similar direction.

The jacket of the book speaks of it as "a guide to survival in the nation's Capital." Another good aid to survival might be this country's capacity for laughing at itself. And Mr. Baker helps us do just that.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

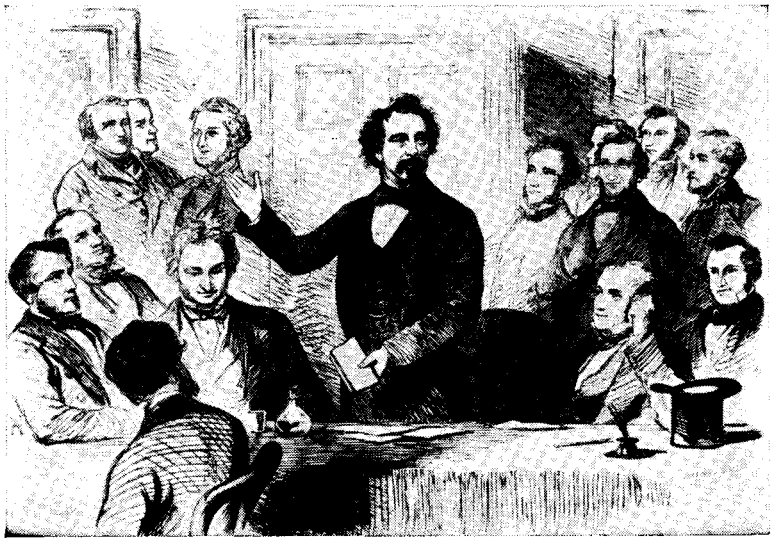
Column Two should read: 10, 4, 5, 11, 3, 15, 9, 14, 6, 8, 12, 1, 2, 7, 13.

"The little boy in the blacking warehouse."

HARD TIMES: Childhood in the 1800s was not a golden time among the poor. At the age of twelve, while his father was in debtors' prison, Charles Dickens was sent to work in a blacking warehouse. In **"Charles Dickens: A Pictorial Biography"** (Viking, $6.50) J. B. Priestley sees this as the critical episode in the author's life, one from which he never fully recovered. It was the source not only of his concern with social conditions but also of the frantic nervous energy that drove him to an early death, worn out by overwork and by public readings that sometimes left him prostrate.

"Dickens posting his first literary composition."

"The British Lion in America"—an American cartoon.



"Dickens speaking at a charity meeting."

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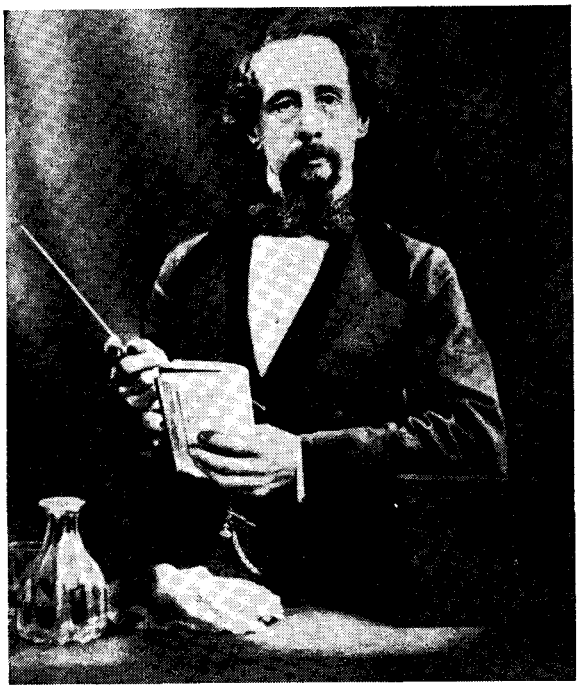
1812-1962

DICKENS AND HIS CRITICS



—*From "Charles Dickens: A Pictorial Biography."*
"There's no writing against such a power as this."

By EDGAR JOHNSON, *chairman of the Department of English at City College, New York, and a leading Dickens scholar. Charles Dickens was born February 7, 1812.*

"HE HAS gone up like a rocket," wrote Abraham Hayward in 1837, "and he will come down like the stick." It was the most wildly erroneous prediction ever made even by a literary critic. Charles Dickens never did come down; the rocket is still circling the earth, a luminary visible to all men's eyes. Today, a century and a half after his birth, there can be no doubt of Dickens's towering eminence. He is high in the small circle of England's very greatest novelists.

Dickens's critical prestige, however, has not been a constant. Instead, it has described a strange and fascinating parabola. The dazzling five years following the publication of "Pickwick Papers" made him the most renowned novelist of his age. Moreover, his enormous popular acclaim and his tremendous literary fame ran abreast. He commanded almost universal applause: statesmen, charwomen, jurists, tradesmen, clergymen, titled aristocrats, critics, street urchins, all found him irresistible. In a country only 8,000,000 of whose people could read, the monthly numbers of "Pickwick" mounted to a sale of 40,000 copies; the weekly parts of "The Old Curiosity Shop" soared to sales of 100,000.

But even the most superior palates failed to gag at this popularity. While juries deliberated, Lord Denman heaved mirthfully on the bench over the outrageous courtroom tactics of Serjeant Buzfuz; readers of all levels laughed at Bumble, loathed Fagin, and shuddered at Bill Sikes; the fastidious critic Lord Jeffrey dissolved in tears at the death of little Nell, the great actor Macready felt a dead chill creep through his blood, even the atrabilious Carlyle was utterly overcome. On the publication of "Dombey and Son," Thackeray vehemently dashed a copy on a table: "There's no writing against such power as this," he protested, "One has no chance!"

But during the 1850s, although Dickens's admirers grew ever more numerous, some of his upper-class audience turned against him; and there were disaffections among the critics, too, though always with striking exceptions. Nobody could resent the hilarious caricature of Lord Mutanhed and the Dowager Lady Snuphanuph, but aristocratic readers did resent Sir Leicester in "Bleak House," and perceived through Dickens's sharp satire on Coodle and Doodle his violent hostility to the ruling order. With "Hard Times" he alienated yet another powerful group, the Benthamite utilitarians and the economists who had dominated advanced political thought since the Reform Bill of 1832; Macaulay said the book was "sullen socialism." The conservatives were alarmed by Dickens's scathing attacks on respectable institutions, the radicals infuriated by his rejection of economic dogma. People could laugh at Tigg Montagu, the low financial swindler of "Martin Chuzzlewit," but Mr. Merdle, the high financial wizard of "Little Dorrit," made unmistakable Dickens's searing contempt for the City financiers bribing the mastery of the state itself. By the end of the decade Dickens had antagonized almost the entire "Establishment."

How these facts affected his sales is uncertain. Perhaps some of the gentry and the intelligentsia still bought his books in order to fume; many ladies and gentlemen too stupid to realize his subversive drift were happy enough merely to be made to laugh and cry. And of his wider popularity there can be no doubt; the numbers of his readers reached ever more astronomic heights.

Meanwhile, though, for a section of the public, the glamour of new literary idols had made Dickens seem crude and old-fashioned, his pathos sentimental and his drama stagey. Even within his lifetime readers who saw themselves as intellectual and fastidious shifted their admiration first to the less exuberant style of Thackeray and later to the psychological analysis of George Eliot. In turn, the gnomic aphorisms and labyrinthine allusiveness of Meredith, the dark post-Darwinian despair of Hardy, and the Russian "discovery of the soul" were seized upon as successive sticks to beat him with.

By the end of the Victorian era, Dickens had been toppled from his throne. Some of those who were sure they belonged to a cultural élite were

(*Continued on page* 69)

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Success Costs Less Than Failure

WHEN the fighting ended in Korea in 1953, this was the reckoning:

800,000 Koreans homeless;

415,000 Korean soldiers dead;

56,000 U.N. troops from the United States, Canada, Great Britain, Turkey, Australia, France, Colombia, Ethiopia, Greece, the Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg, New Zealand, South Africa, Thailand, and the Philippines dead.

The dollar cost to the United States was $18,000,000,000—and we haven't finished paying for it yet. The current expense of maintaining armed forces in Korea, as well as policing the truce, runs in excess of $100,000,000 a year.

The question that many people asked about the Korean War at the time was whether the U.N. might not have been able to prevent it from occurring by having troops at the highly volatile dividing line between the two parts of Korea. In a more general way, of course, people have asked why the U.N. has to wait until a crisis develops into a shooting war before it is able to act.

These questions are being answered today. For this is precisely what the U.N. has been doing in the Congo. All the elements of a super-Korea were present in the Congo in July, 1960, when the Congo became an independent nation. The Congo is situated in the heart of Africa and has radiating power throughout a large part of the continent. It is one of the richest nations in the world in terms of material resources, being a prime producing center for copper, tin, uranium, and cobalt.

The Congolese were not prepared for self-government. The result was the kind of disintegration that made it a potential arena of conflict among outside powers. Belgium's troops returned in an attempt to restore order. The Soviet Union sent arms, trucks, and planes to the Congo at the personal request of the then Premier, Patrice Lumumba. The United Nations sent troops to restore order and reduce the danger that the vacuum in the Congo would be filled by the Soviet Union or any other outside nation, large or small. The United States government supported the action of the U.N. in the Congo both because of its commitment to an independent Africa and because Soviet troops in the African heartland might have forced a U.S. decision to go into the Congo with force of its own.

IN any event, the only agency in the world that was in a position to head off a showdown situation acted in time. It sent 20,000 troops. It also sent large numbers of teachers, engineers, doctors, dentists, lawyers, business and trade experts, agricultural specialists, road builders, mechanics, communications and transportation experts.

Danger in the Congo has not been fully dissolved. But for the first time since July, 1960, when the trouble began, affairs in the Congo seem to be in hand. The threat of the big-power confrontation has sharply diminished. The United Nations still faces an ordeal in the Congo, but it has already made its most important contribution to world peace since its founding.

It costs money to fight a war. It also costs money to avert one. The cost of maintaining U.N. stabilizing operations in the Congo has been about $10,000,000 a month. This is added to the cost of maintaining U.N. emergency forces in Gaza. As a result, the U.N. will have an estimated deficit of almost $200,000,000 by the end of 1962. The money has to come from somewhere. If it doesn't, the U.N. cannot continue. It is not a national sovereign government that can levy taxes or maintain a debt indefinitely. Therefore, the U.N. is asking the member nations to subscribe to a bond issue of $200,000,000. The money would be repaid over a twenty-five-year period with an annual interest yield of 2 per cent.

The question now before the United States is whether it will subscribe to its full share. The United States, enjoying 80 per cent of the world's income, has a quota of only half the full amount of the bond issue, or $100,000,000. This is equivalent to less than one cent for every five dollars we put into national armaments each year. It is far less than the amount we write off each year in false starts in manufacturing military equipment or in planes or missiles that are obsolete even before they go into general production. It is less than one-fifth of one per cent of the cost of putting a man on the moon. Finally, it is less than it cost to fight a war in Korea for only one week. Yet an attempt is being made in the United States to block the required appropriation of funds—not a gift, not an assessment, but a loan repayable with interest.

What is being debated now is the cost of U.N. success. It might be useful to consider what the cost would be if the U.N. should fail. In the latter case, the amount of the bond issue could be multiplied by one thousand times or even ten thousand times and no one would have any way of knowing whether it would be enough. But the essential question has nothing to do with dollars or bond issues or deficits. The essential question is whether the peace of the world can be kept without a world organization and, also, what has to be done to develop that organization into an agency with the responsible powers of enforceable law. For if the U.N. can evolve into such a body, then the people on this earth have a reasonable chance of staying alive, improving the conditions of meaningful existence, and advancing the prospects of human freedom.

—N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SENSE AND SATIRE

ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON asks why the political right has no entertainers to reflect their views as the liberals have [*SR*, Jan. 20]. To me, the answer is simple. Satire is the art of penetrating the puffed-up shell of argument to reveal the puny kernel that supports it. It is discerning beneath sublime words the ridiculous posture and pretenses of those who utter them. Satire is the great natural weapon against those of the extreme right who fill the air with pompous pronouncements of doom, and whose motto seems to be "To laugh is treason. Our sacred symbols demand the sacrifice of your sense of humor."

To deflate these self-appointed saviors of society we need laughter, and a sense of proportion. I recommend E. B. White, Thurber, and Harry Golden. . . .

MARJORY D. MCMICKLE.
Oconomowoc, Wisc.

PROGRAM FOR ACTION

PERHAPS MANY OF your readers interested in forming local units of the Society for Individual Responsibility [*SR*, Dec. 2] do not know about *INTERCOM*, a highly useful publication put out seven times a year by the World Affairs Center of the Foreign Policy Association. It is an information service for citizen activity in world affairs and provides excellent reports on new programs, books, pamphlets, visual aids, speakers, public opinion, and sources of information. Information on it can be obtained by writing *INTERCOM*, 345 East 46th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

CAROL MEADE.
Baltimore, Md.

PERFIDY IN HUNGARY

IN HIS REVIEW of Ben Hecht's "Perfidy" [*SR*, Jan. 13] John C. Campbell tells us Hecht is angry at the late Dr. Rudolf Kastner because of "his failure to do anything for the masses of Hungary's Jews marked for doom in Auschwitz." This is an anemic, even misleading, way of summing up Hecht's charges. Right or wrong, what the book actually says is this: When the Nazis set out in 1944 to exterminate the Jews of Hungary, they feared another Warsaw Ghetto uprising (it had taken 350,000 German troops to end the rebellion). The Nazis therefore devised a ruse. They would proclaim an about-face in policy, tell the Jews they were to be resettled in pleasant surroundings, and thus trick them into voluntarily boarding trains actually bound for Auschwitz. To make the story believable they got Kastner, a leader of the Jewish community, to go among the Jews in city and countryside, assuring them of the Nazis' good faith and urging them to board the trains—though he knew just what awaited them. Then, after the first "shipment" had gone off to Auschwitz, Kastner and his aides publicized faked letters from these "resettled" Jews, which urged everyone to come join them. If the Jews had known the ruse, thousands could have escaped across the lightly guarded frontier into Rumania, where at this time they would have been relatively safe. Instead, more than half a million trustingly boarded the trains and went off to the gas chambers. After the war, Kastner's testimony in favor of top Nazi exterminators in Hungary caused the war-crimes tribunal to take a lenient view of them. In short, Kastner's crimes were those of commission, not omission.

Now, whole cloth or not, the foregoing is what the book says about Kastner, whose story takes up most of its pages. Surely in a four-column review Mr. Campbell could have weighed these charges, or at least have acknowledged them.

HALLOWELL BOWSER.
New York, N.Y.

WHY JOHNNY CAN'T THINK

AFTER READING the article "Broken Bridges to Literacy" [*SR*, Jan. 20], by Alice Dalgliesh, the reader may wonder what will happen to Johnny when he is confronted with real literature, with writing that does not have shortened sentences and a graded vocabulary. I wonder too. Below is a typical example of the reading material given to students who, believe it or not, are eighteen- and nineteen-year-olds in a sophomore German class at a Midwestern university. The first paragraph is my own somewhat literal translation of the original short story "Krambambuli," by Marie Ebner-Eschenbach. The second paragraph is the same initial paragraph (again my own literal translation), as it is offered in the "reader" used in the class.

> A man feels partiality for all kinds of things and systems. But love, genuine and enduring, this he comes to know only once. So, at least, was the opinion of the forest and game ranger Hopp. Of all the dogs he has already had and liked—even loved, what they would call "loved," anyway—only one has been unforgettable—Krambambuli.
>
> Forester Hopp in his long life of hunting had many dogs, and he liked many dogs, but he really loved only one dog.

Perhaps the authors of beginning language books think along the same grooved lines as the authors of beginning English books, and believe that not only can Johnny not yet read, but also that he cannot yet think.

JERRY PRENTISS,
Indiana University.
Bloomington, Ind.

"I don't care if you have seen the picture on this flight—we're flying to London together!"

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The New Roger Corman

IN THE seven years that young Roger Corman has been producing, directing, or producing and directing movies, he has turned out more pictures than most men do in a lifetime—upwards of sixty films. Few have been memorable, but at the same time few have failed to make money. His current hit is the horror picture, "The Pit and the Pendulum," which seems to be heading for a $2,000,000 gross. Not surprisingly, Corman has three more Poe stories in the works. At thirty-four, he prides himself on his knowledge of the market, his ability to cut corners and to turn out pictures quickly. One of his films, he recently confessed, he shot in the incredibly short space of two days and the better part of a night—a record that even the television people might envy.

Now, however, with **"The Intruder,"** Corman has taken the plunge himself. He has abandoned his vampires, his monsters from the ocean floor, his drag-strip girls, and his Apache women to take a hard look at the American scene, and at a monster inspired by real life. John Kasper, the arch-segregationist whose rabble-rousing activities made headlines in 1957, was the prototype of the title character in Charles Beaumont's angry novel. Corman bought the book knowing it had been turned down by every major studio in Hollywood, and commissioned Beaumont himself to turn it into a screenplay. Then began a fruitless search for a "name" star willing to play the leading role. This corrupt and corrupting bigot, with his disarming smile and his hate-mongering harangues, would seem to be an actor's dream; but star after star found reason to twinkle out. Without a "name," Corman was forced to scale down his budget and pull in his belt. Accompanied by Beaumont, who plays a small role in the picture, he set out for segregationist territory.

Much of the strength of the film comes from the fact that it was shot entirely on location, with the townspeople all too willingly playing themselves on the screen. No studio set can quite convey the sun-drenched torpor and shabby meanness of a small Southern city, or the squalor of "nigger-town," or the sense of latent violence that throbs behind the fly-specked windows and flaking clapboard façades of such a community. Nor can Hollywood extras, fast becoming as familiar as the stars themselves, assume the air of close-minded, simple-minded provincialism that is engraved on the faces we glimpse in the pool halls, on the streets, and in the mob scenes of this picture. Corman reported that during rehearsals of a particularly inflammatory speech, several of his extras shouted, "That's right!"

It is not too surprising that they were swayed by William Shatner's performance. As the Kasper character, fomenting race hatred for his own personal aggrandizement, he is enormously persuasive, able to switch at will from a boyish charm to a fiendish delight in the infliction of cruelty. This portrait of a slick, sick, power-hungry demagogue is not quickly forgotten. Excellent support comes from Leo Gordon and Jeanne Cooper as the couple who ultimately bring about his downfall; and from Charles Barnes as the Negro youth whose near-lynching climaxes the film. If not all the performances are up to this level, if some of the writing seems forced and melodramatic, the real people and its real settings serve as a constant reminder that this is no charade. The Kaspers exist—and there is nothing in the film to suggest that, defeated in this one community, he is not even now spreading his poison somewhere else.

To the admirers of "Shadows," John Casavetes's second film, **"Too Late Blues,"** can only come as a disappointment. Although many scenes have an air of improvisation, it is improvisation on a too-familiar theme—the jazz musician who breaks with his friends, goes commercial, then returns repentant to "real" music. And the girl. Unfortunately, as portrayed by Bobby Darin, there is nothing to suggest that "Ghost" has any special talents—or, in fact, that there is any special reason why we should care one way or the other what becomes of him. More interesting is the girl, well played by Stella Stevens—a "no talent kid" pathetically eager to break into show business. But just as her character begins to come alive, the story line veers away from her to follow the flaccid "Ghost." Meanwhile, behind the chatter, some of the nation's top jazz men—Shelly Manne, Red Mitchell, Benny Carter, Jimmy Rowles—are tootling away semiaudibly on some of the most inventive and melodic music written for films. If I were improvising "Too Late Blues," I would tune down the conversation, and let David Raksin's score take over.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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The Day They Did It

SCIENCE fiction movies have threatened our world with extinction from a variety of causes; there have been things from outer space, strange blobs, and magnetic monsters; but in the end the earth has managed to survive. Less optimistic, though, is **"The Day the Earth Caught Fire,"** a new such film from England. Its premise is, however, so close to prevalent and widespread fears and worries that it is not so much science fiction as it is a dramatic and imaginative extension of the news. A collaborative effort on the part of Wolf Mankowitz, the writer, and Val Guest, who directed (they are also known for "Expresso Bongo"), the film is a vision of doomsday as it might appear from the vantage point of Fleet Street, and much of it takes place, in fact, in the very offices of the London *Daily Express.*

There have been some climatic changes, we learn first, in England's traditional weather pattern. Unseasonably hot days have roasted London, and a curious dense mist rolls up the Thames, not at all like the usual fog. At the same time the Sahara is having rain, Russia tornadoes, and New York is getting blizzards. All this makes news for the *Daily Express.* A reporter, played capably by a new young actor, Edward Judd, stumbles across some odd facts in the Air Ministry; a science editor adds together some disparate items and comes up with a startling supposition.

It seems the Russians and the Americans have set off huge test bombs at opposite ends of the earth at the same moment. "This time," the science editor (Leo McKern) says, awed by the magnitude of the accident *and* the story, "they've really done it!" What have they done? They have knocked the earth off its axis. Clever enough up to this point, but Mankowitz and Guest have more up their sleeves. London not only continues to roast, but a massive water shortage looms. Hijacking water gangs operate, and there's a brisk black market trade in the valuable stuff. Public baths are built in Hyde Park, and some of the desperate bathers try to steal a few drops. They are stopped, naturally, for water is public, not private.

The prime minister goes on radio and TV to deliver the usual platitudinous phrases—"All efforts are being made . . .," "We shall explore all avenues . . ." But no matter how they dress it up, the news is always terrible, and grows worse. At the *Express* the staff carries on. Almost hourly conferences are held, presided over by the editor, who is in constant telephonic communication with someone like Lord Beaverbrook. The latter would like more hope and less gloom on the front page.

The editor, by the way, looks and sounds like the real thing. And he is, or at least he was. He is played by Arthur Christiansen, who recently retired from his job after nearly twenty-five years with the *Daily Express* (his journalistic adventures during those years are recorded in his book, "Headlines All My Life," reviewed on page 55). He served as technical advisor on the film, too, which helps account for the thoroughly realistic newspaper office atmosphere. And, incidentally, we get some idea of how the *Express* was built up to be one of the largest circulation newspapers in the world.

It is eventually left to the Russians, those leaders in science, to make the most paralyzing discovery of all, one so cataclysmic in its implications that there is little left for the governments of the world to do but make the gloomy possibilities known to the people, who were of course not consulted when the bombs were set off in the first place. There are some odd reactions, the most interesting of which concerns the behavior of teen-agers. With nothing presumably left to work for, train for, or live for, they go on binges, orgiastic in nature, wasting what water is left, marching noisily through the streets of nighttime London to the bizarre accompaniment of a beatnik band, pushing over cars, adding a grim aimlessness to the city's terror. And is there any hope for the earth? Mankowitz and Guest provide one of a very chancy sort, ironically again involving the use of atomic energy. It wouldn't be fair to reveal it here.

Beyond the fact that "The Day the Earth Caught Fire" is a model of expert moviemaking, continually and excruciatingly suspenseful, with even a love story that is not too hard to take amid the apocalyptic events, it has hard good sense at its base. I lack the knowledge to determine whether the premise is scientifically tenable, but whether it is or not, it is an apt symbol of the wanton destructiveness known as "testing," done in the interests of "national security." As though there's any such thing as *national* security these days. The movie achieves its impact because it was made not merely to entertain, but out of a sense of outrage. It will be compared to "On the Beach." Good as that one was, "The Day the Earth Caught Fire" is better. It is crisply written and acted, always absorbing, and makes no bones about what it has to say.

IF comic relief is needed after "The Day the Earth Caught Fire," as well it might be, another English film, **"Only Two Can Play,"** should do the job. Based on the Kingsley Amis novel, "That Uncertain Feeling," it keeps reasonably close to the original and provides, too, an outing for the inestimable Peter Sellers, here seen as a lowly librarian's assistant, whose intelligence is not matched by his income or position. Suited for better things, he must support a wife and daughter in a grubby Welsh flat, meanwhile obtaining what comfort he can from an inner life that is a kind of frustrated rake's progress.

A notable opportunity to match outer and inner life occurs for him when Mrs. Gruffydd-Williams (Mai Zetterling) enters his library one day in search of a book. She is the wife of the wealthy Gruffydd-Williams and leader of the local literary and dramatic set. Not only does she offer Sellers an open invitation to seduction, but she holds the key, through her influence over her husband, to the post of sub-librarian, which represents that needed step upward to several assistant librarians. At a party to which Sellers and his wife (Virginia Maskell) are invited, his lecherous tendencies are heavily encouraged by his hostess, the while Gareth Probert, playwright and Welsh poet, casts a wolfish eye at his wife. The lechery is more in intent and less in deed, for circumstances intervene that are a little too insane and complex to take the space to describe.

The romp moves along with a sure touch (that of director Sidney Gilliatt) but it is not entirely farce. The young librarian's home scenes have believability and point, as well as a touch of pathos, and good dialogue manages to sketch in his discontent, as well as his wife's. He is an "angry," but a subdued one, educated, but without the opportunity to put the education to good use. Sellers makes him both funny and convincing. The novel, as I remember, petered out toward its close, and the movie has this flaw too, in that it never quite manages to find a suitable ending. But everything else about this comedy is quite suitable.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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Manner of Speaking

By John Ciardi

DAWN OF THE SPACE AGE: In the course of preparing a script for a special year-end show for CBS-TV's "Accent," I had to cut a couplet I wept to lose. Let me offer it here as my submission in any competition for the first words (and may they be English) to be carved on a rock of the moon:

DAWN OF THE SPACE AGE

First a monkey, then a man.
Just the way the world began.

If there should also be a competition for words to inscribe on the launching pad from which the world took off for the moon-rock, I hereby submit the following as one test sampling of how some of the talk sounds down here:

MY TRIBE

Everyone in my tribe hates
everyone in your tribe.

Every girl in my tribe wants to
be there when they bring in anyone
from your tribe. Our girls save
faggots
in their hope-chests for you.

Every boy in my tribe has a peg
from which to hang the scalp of
anyone in your tribe. Our boys
hone knives in their dreams of you.

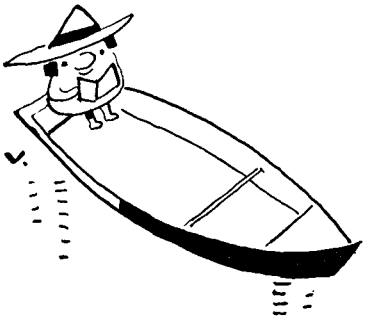
Everyone in my tribe is proud of
our boys and their dreams, of our
girls and their trousseaus. Our lives
have dear goals across which we

shall all finally kick all of your
heads. We are united.

CULTURE ON THE HIGH SEAS (AND IN EXOTIC PORTS): Anything can happen when American businessmen sit down to lunch. Three of them sat down in Detroit one day last year, and by the time the coffee came round they had decided to charter a luxury liner. They incorporated themselves as a nonprofit organization called the American Cultural Association, dug into their pockets for a fat guarantee, and nailed down the S.S. *Atlantic* from American Export Lines. So from February 16 to March 1 they are taking Culture on a luxury cruise from New York to San Juan, St. Thomas, Curacao, Kingston, Port-au-Prince, and home again.

The still-culture (by analogy to still-life) will center around a traveling art exhibition. The life-classes (another analogy, but this one not to be pushed too far) will be headed by Cornelia Otis Skinner, Lloyd Goodrich of the Whitney Museum, and me. I don't know what the others will talk about. I am going to talk about poetry and spend all the rest of my time studying Cornelia Otis Skinner. If I am any sort of student at all, I should be so entirely charming by the time I get back that no reader of these pages will ever again be tempted to write me a nasty letter. Let me doubt the final arrival of such glory, but even if I flunk, the attendance at this school is its own reward.

Meanwhile, I still find myself thinking of the American Cultural Association as the golderndest notion yet to pop out of the American psyche, and as just the sort of thing that makes us most ourselves, and most incredible to foreigners. The idea, as I understand it, is to prove that Culture can be put on a paying basis—and certainly, on shipboard, it packages better than golf. All profits from various ventures



such as this cruise will then go into establishing a national clearinghouse of fund-raising information for cultural organizations, with detailed suggestions to be made available free.

Where but in these United States could it be done that way? And yet I do believe it is well done.

In any case, my wife has a baby-sitter lined up, a wardrobe accumulated, and that look in her eye. And goodbye mailbag from February 16 to March 1. With luck, we may be hijacked by Portuguese rebels. In that case I hope to enroll for postgraduate work.

MAILBAG: "Had he his wounds before?" So, in this column for January 13, I quoted a Roman matron as having said when news was brought to her of her son's death in battle. Immediately I began to receive letters from readers disputing my attribution of this line. Let me confess at once to all of them—the puzzled, the indignant, and the vituperative (who always seem to have the most fun)—that I have been unable to run down my source and that I can cite only hazy memory for the presence of that matron. I know she exists but I have not been able to locate her. Perhaps another reader can do that for me. Until then, let her go.

All of these writers cite instead Old Siward ("Macbeth," V, 8) whose response to the same sad news is, "Had he his hurts before?" All but two or three writers seem to conclude, therefore, that the line belongs to Shakespeare and to no one else, and that I have stolen from the Bard without knowledge or acknowledgement.

Certainly, friends, not all those quotations Shakespeare is so full of (I don't know who first made that point) are of his own minting. Is it mere chance that the two greatest geniuses of Western literature (Shakespeare and Dante, of course) were the least abashed and most accomplished pickpockets of the lines and ideas of earlier writers? Shakespeare got the idea and part of the phrasing of his line from Raphael Holinshed's "Historie of England" (Book VIII, Chapter 5):

> It is recorded also, that in the foresaid battell, in which earle Siward vanquished the Scots, one of Siwards sonnes chanced to be slaine, whereof, although the father had good cause to be sorrowful, yet when he heard that he died of a wound which he had received in fighting stoutlie in the forepart of his bodie, and that with his face towards the enimie, he greatly rejoised thereat, to hear that he died so manfullie.

I don't know where Holinshed got the line, nor where his source got it, but it had long been in public domain as a standard sentiment of those hacking but pre-atomic days when war still left enough of a corpse to send home as well as a home to send it to.

The earliest use of the line I have been able to find in a quick search was over a millennium old by the time Holinshed repeated it. It turns up in an epigram by Bassus in "The Greek Anthology" (Book IX, Epigram 279): "These are Spartan troops: observe how they have all their wounds in front." I daresay the line was a least another millennium old by the time it got to Bassus. I daresay, in fact, that anthropologists have probably turned it up in the war chants and death chants of primitive tribes. Letter writers and columnists perish and perish, but a good line goes on forever.

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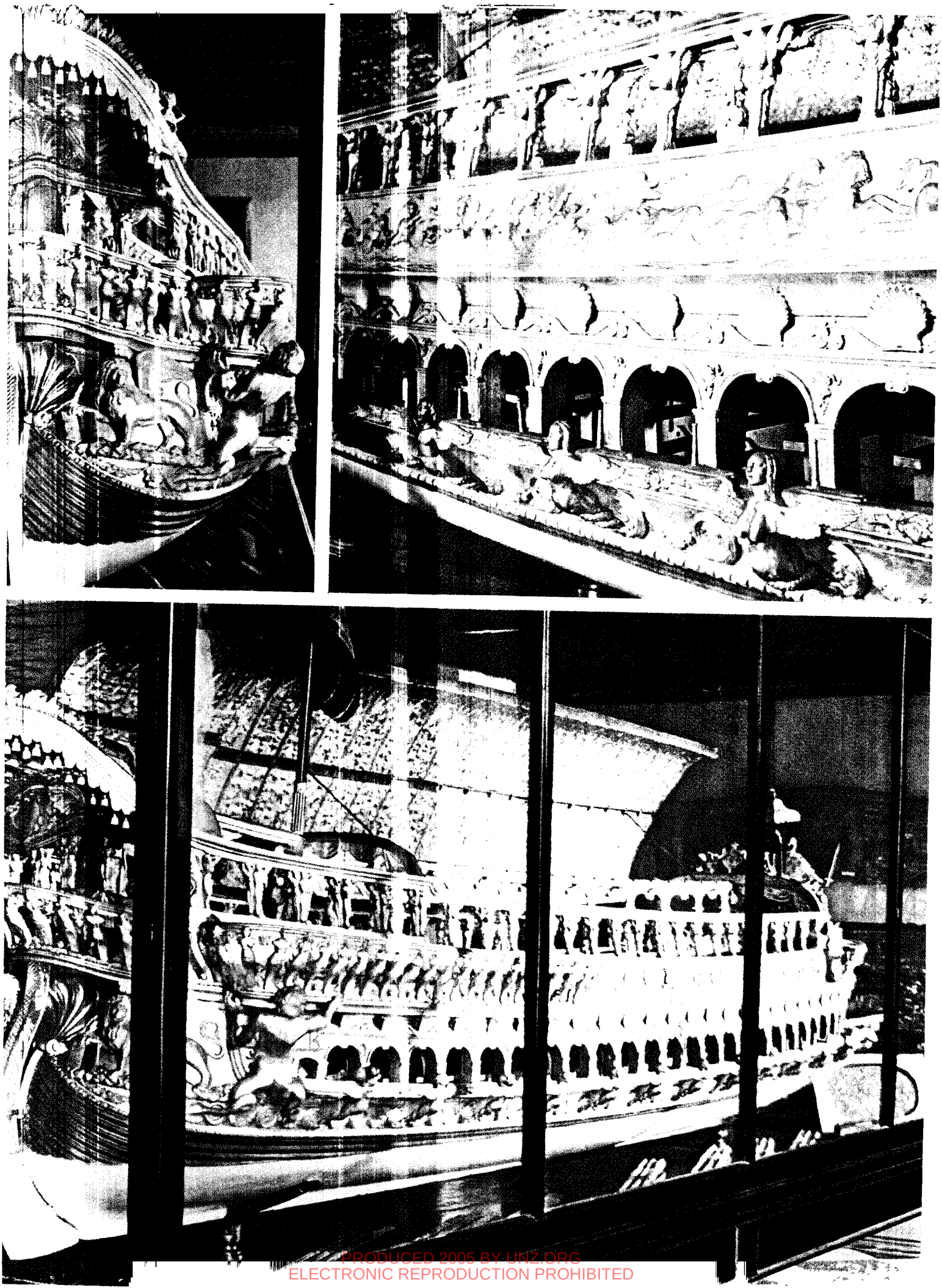

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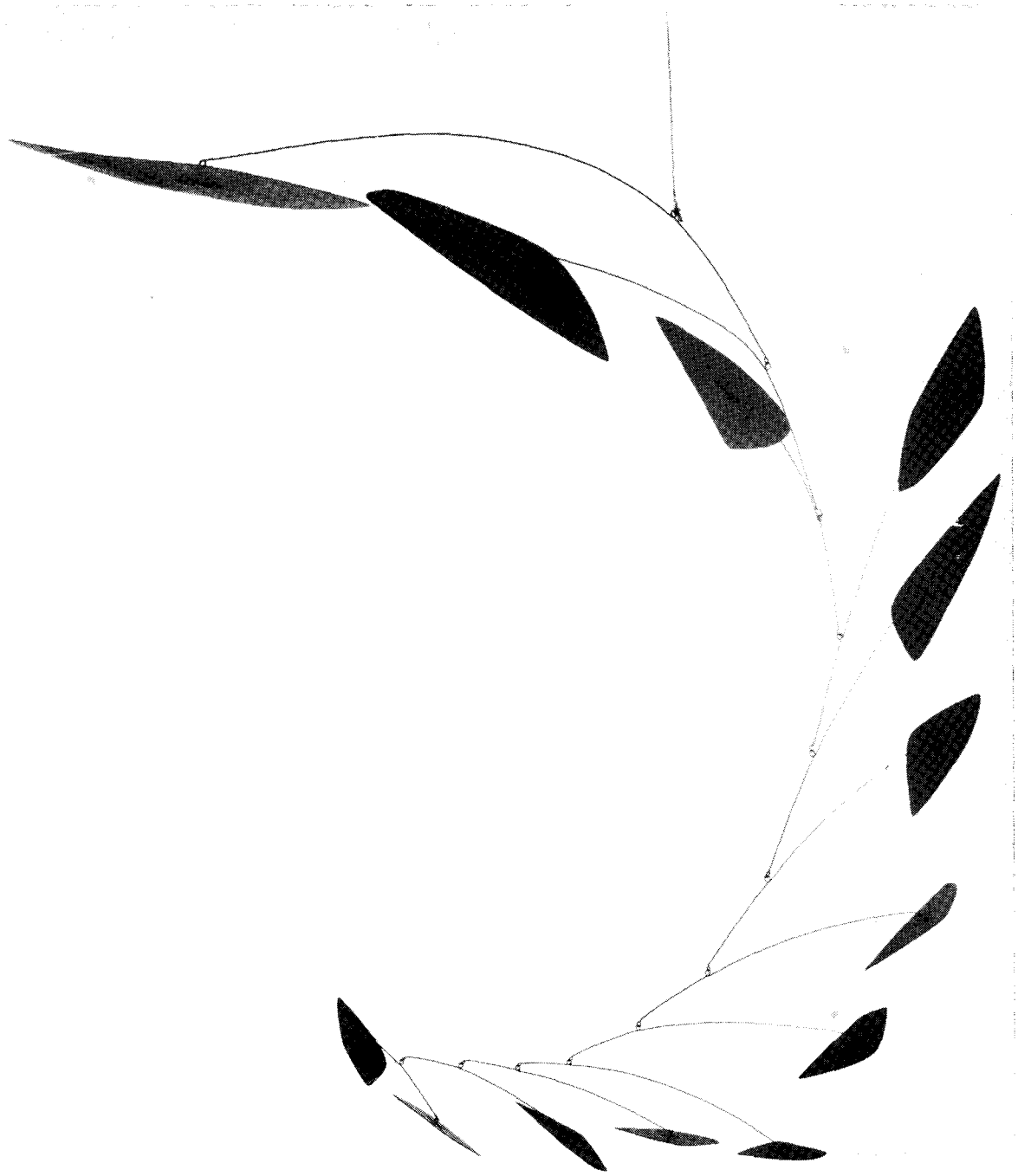
LANDMARKS OF MODERN ART



—*Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. Jackman, Toronto; photograph courtesy Perls Galleries.*

"The Black Crescent," by Alexander Calder—1960.

CALDER'S NAME is synonymous with the mobile, a form of moving sculpture that has revolutionized present-day art. Previously, sculpture had been static, sometimes suggesting motion but never in itself moving. The mobile, based on the flexibility of its various parts, is designed for interaction, presenting innumerable relationships as it undulates and fluctuates. By dispensing with simulated motion, Calder proposed a new kind of realism. Inspired more by nature than machinery, he observed with fresh eyes a tree's leaves, twigs, and branches all moving at once, the blowing petals of a flower, the hypnotic rhythm of falling snow. Ironically, he often chooses the simplest forms in nature to parallel the most intricate synchronizations of modern machinery. With a variety of metal rods, disks, and wires, he conceives his delicately balanced sculptures as much in terms of the space they cut as the shapes they assume. —K.K.

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Our Man in the Ozone—2. Modern Persia

ALTHOUGH I had not been able to muster much response from the Iranian consul in New York when I inquired about the existence of a government information service in his country, the attitude was rather different when I arrived in Teheran, the second stop of a trip that is taking me on a high-altitude path around the earth. Filling in the tedious forms on board the incoming aircraft with the same information that the Persians had already elicited from me in triplicate when I sought a passport in New York, I listed my profession as journalist, an entry which I trust no members present in the hall will consider a presumption. When, at the airport here, the chief inspector's eye caught the entry, it seemed as if someone had suddenly plugged him in, for he was instantly animated, asked which publication I represented, and then ran after me to hand me the phone number of the government's information service, which, as he stated, would be pleased to supply me with the free services of a guide.

The morrow, as luck would have it, dawned a Friday and Teheran, which, like the rest of Persia, is 98 per cent Moslem, was about as lively as Philadelphia on Sunday afternoon. The government information office would, it assured me when I conversed in fractured French with the duty officer, be pleased to send me a guide on Saturday morning at nine o'clock. I managed to turn up a Jewish travel agency that was pleased to work Friday since *it* was closed Saturday and we were shortly tooling down the boulevard in a moderately mature Chevvie, listening to a light stream of information from a dark young Persian girl who answered, however shyly, to the name of Anya.

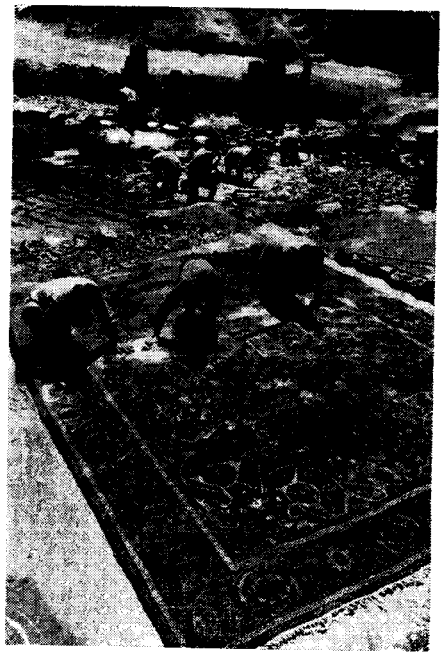
We rode first out to Rey, the old Persian capital which the Mongols led by Genghis Khan had destroyed in 1220. Rey is not only a cemetery of the ancient nation, though little of the bones remain, but it has also long been a cemetery for the people themselves, who are buried, simply enough, in shrouds and so turn back into the soil more quickly than those of other civilizations who confuse the transition with elaborate coffins. Much of the route to Rey is dotted with the smokestacks of the brick factories which mine the clay from the very countryside where the dead have been interred. The Queen Mother, widow of the Shah Reza and mother of the present ruler, Mohammed Reza Shah, has already picked out her burial place on the road to Rey where work is progressing rapidly on her mausoleum. She is seventy-one.

Her late husband, the present Shah's father, considered the true founder of the modern nation, is buried in Rey in a splendid mausoleum, the interior of which, I was assured, is a faithful copy of Napoleon's marble resting place at Invalides. It being Friday, we were not allowed inside.

Reza Pahlevi, the founder, began the adult life that led him to the Peacock Throne as a soldier in a Russian-led brigade of Persian cossacks. Both the British and the Russians had long sniped at each other over the right to influence Persia—it was a rivalry known as the battle of the Bear and the Whale—and Reza Pahlevi's forceful character and energy came to the attention of the British, who formed a force to oppose the Bolsheviks. Reza Pahlevi was placed in command, and with both success and troops at hand he not only repulsed the Reds, but veered toward Teheran, overthrew the government, and set himself up as war minister. Renouncing the treaties which existed with Russia and Britain, he deposed the Kajar dynasty, installed himself as Shah in 1925, and, following the path of Ataturk in Turkey, set out to modernize Persia. He created an army whose young cadets in shaved heads and trim uniforms are prominent on the streets of Teheran today; he stripped the veils off women, and the titles from the nobles. During the Thirties all the powers showered him with favors, and it is remembered how he broke diplomatic relations with France over something he did not like which appeared in a French magazine. Only when General Maxime Weygand arrived with a military delegation to attend the present Shah's wedding to Fawzia, sister of Farouk, were things smoothed over. Of all the powers that wooed him, he seemed to succumb in the end to the Axis, and the number of Fascist agents present in the country, which had always had many ties with Germany, finally prompted the British and the Russians to expel him from the palace in favor of his son. The present Shah has ruled ever since, except for a brief interruption prompted by the histrionics of Dr. Mossadegh, the demagogue premier who nationalized the oil wells, cried on cue, tried to depose the Shah, and once had himself carried into Parliament in his bed.

—*Photos by Inge Morath (Magnum).*

Teheran today—Reception room at the Golestan Palace, above; cleaning Persian rugs at the spring near Rey, below.



The old Reza Shah, who ended so ignominiously, is credited not only with modernizing Persia, but also with making a true capital out of Teheran, broadening its streets into boulevards, and planting them with trees and statues. Teheran has been the capital of the nation for only 175 of Persia's 5,000 years. The Kajar dynasty which the Reza Shah deposed was founded by one Agha Mohammed who moved the capital to Teheran after spending his entire life seeking, and finding, revenge. Agha

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Mohammed's father, who had come from a Tartar tribe that inhabited the fringes of the Caspian Sea, had been deposed by the Nadir Shah in 1737. To make sure that he finished the line, the Nadir Shah kidnapped Agha Mohammed and had him castrated. As a eunuch prince, he made his escape and devised a grand plan to win back the stolen empire. He succeeded in 1787, and the Kajar dynasty continued, aided by Fath Ali Shah, a nephew of Agha Mohammed, and actually stayed in power in Persia until Reza Shah rose from obscurity to start a new line.

While Isfahan and Shirez, the ancient cities, are considered the true beauty spots of Iran, there are some royal relics in Teheran, notably the Golestan Palace, or The Place of the Flowers. Built 250 years ago, during the Kajar Dynasty, it is a relic of the opulent East that establishes its mood immediately. The entrance is lined, as is indeed much of the interior, with thousands upon thousands of beveled bits of mirror, covering the walls and the ceiling and flowing in arches across the windows. Below the knee line the mirrors are replaced by glazed tiles of Persian scenes.

Much of the cavernous interior of Golestan is lined with gifts bestowed upon the shahs by their reigning contemporaries. Queen Victoria's gift to Nasr-ed-Din Shah was a huge gold clock shaped like a pagoda with a peacock in front, whose wings, in its better days, fluttered the hours. Napoleon, ever mindful of perpetuating his image, sent a complete set of Sevres porcelain in blue and gold with his august likeness in various battlefield poses adorning the cups and saucers. A desk set complete with lamps and a clock, all in green malachite edged with bronze, is a gross memory of Czar Nicholas II, who gave it to Nasr-ed-Din.

ALL the present Shah's weddings, to Fawzia, Soraya and to Queen Farah, were held in the Mirror Hall, a sparkling salon that adjoins the hall of gifts. Under its three elaborate chandeliers imported from Murano, the annual *salam* takes place when the Shah formally receives the foreign ministers. Brilliant Palace, next door, a part of Golestan, was completely restored for the state visit last year of Queen Elizabeth and Philip. The British royal persons were, I suspect, a little unsettled to find themselves living in a house of mirrors, paved underfoot with 150-year-old precious Persian carpets and decorated with magnificent furniture covered with silk brocades. The only wall decorations I recall were portraits of the Shah and Queen Farah looking at each other across the room from mirror-bordered frames. Outside the palace an enormous park stretches over one entire city block dotted with trees and reflection pools and surrounded by walls decorated with glazed tiles.

The Peacock Throne, of which so many romantic words have been written, has, I regret to report, been moved from the palace and now reposes with the national treasures in a bank in the middle of the city. There the throne, and the gold and jewels which are the country's bank account, are on view to the public two days a week. Naturally, neither one was a day on which our itinerary called for us to be in Teheran. In the same way we missed the Fine Arts Museum too, which, our guide neglected to tell us until the afternoon of our last day in the city, is open mornings only. Between these confusing hours and the different Sabbaths recognized by the major faiths, Teheran can be a difficult city for sightseeing.

The bazaars (closed Fridays) are long arcades of small stalls and shops which reminded me of Istanbul. One hears complaints that Western refinements are crowding out the exotic goods of the East, and it is quite startling to find tubes of Crest and Gleem and cartons of soap flakes from whose televised blandishments one had felt, in this remote corner, quite secure. Amid all this modernity there are dealers in poustine, the sheepskin jackets made by Persian nomads, which would make an attractive purchase if some enterprising maker could devise a way of getting them deodorized. Trunks made out of beer can stampings and pipes encrusted with turquoise and agate stones are likely to be on sale side by side, and there are Persian miniatures, some done on plastic these days, and handsome silver cigarette cases with enameled sides depicting fairytale Persian scenes. Persian rugs are a complicated study requiring a knowledge of knots and colors. We had no time to matriculate, but suffice it to say that a Persian rug in a Persian home implies the same sort of status that a grand piano did in my mother's day. They are bought only after considerable deliberation and haggling, and once purchased are folded into a neat square and loaded on the rack strapped to the back of a porter who makes the delivery. Persian housewives involve themselves in no tricky cleaning procedures. When rugs are dirty they are sent out to a spring near Rey, named for Mohammed Ali, the nephew of the Prophet. Here they are scrubbed with water and detergents, then placed on the sides of a brown hill to dry in the sun. The carpets at Rey are a tourist sight that compares with the Statue of Liberty in New York.

While the bazaars may exude a certain exotic air, the sight of all those boxes of soaps and detergents and piles of plastic goods aside, there is better

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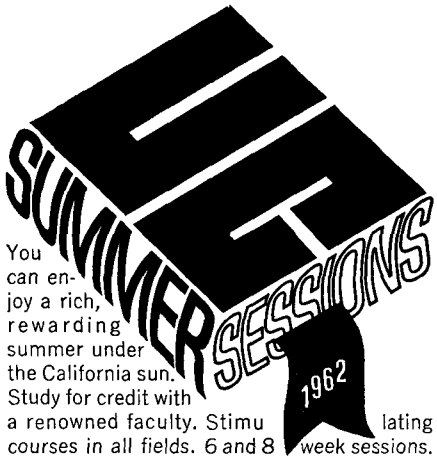

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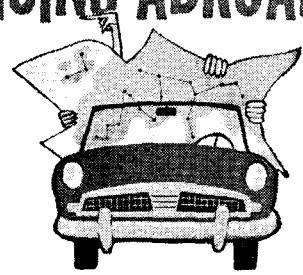
shopping for the things the Western traveler admires along Takhte Jamshid Road. There the small art stores, which are as eager to bargain as the bazaars, offer an unalloyed line of harem rings, turquoise and topaz stones mounted and loose, brass lanterns that exude airs of the Middle East, Persian miniatures, hammered brass ash trays and coffee tables. Oddly enough, it is worth a trip to Ferdowski's, the department store that was begun by Germans and now is owned jointly by German and Persian interests. The third floor has a fine arts section where you can buy miniatures (done on beaver board), enameled boxes, inlaid picture frames, and ceramics. Finally, in the matter of purchases, there is the airport itself, where upon departure one can shop, with little selection and no chance of bargaining, for last-minute Persian carpets, pistachio nuts, a few inlaid boxes, and fresh caviar on ice at the following prices: 500 grams for $11, 300 grams for $6.75, and 200 grams for $4.50. The black market price is just about half of what I have quoted, and whether those who deal in it are poachers of someone else's sturgeon I would not know. Having had an opportunity to sample some of the contraband stuff, I must say one would be hard put on the world market to find better. Iranian caviar is big, fat, and gray, and not nearly as dry as Russian. Lest anyone here get involved in evil machinations, however, I had better tell you that Iranian customs search your baggage on departure as well as on arrival, and any caviar found on a departing tourist is confiscated and, for all I know, eaten with relish by the boys in the back room.

The bazaars, whatever their appeal may be to the traveler, are a political force as well, and those in public office assay the temperatures in the tiny warrens as their opposite numbers in the States might evaluate the tenor of the Negro, the Polish, or the Irish vote. Another political force are the mollahs, the Moslem priests who cover themselves in black capes, let their beards grow, and crown themselves with a white turban. At the Sepahsalar Mosque one can see the student mollahs hustling about in their turbans and scraggly adolescent beards, and in the workrooms where mosaics are repaired, the artisans will sell you a piece of tile as a souvenir.

The course of study for the mollah, who begins to learn Koranic law and theology at the age of seven, lasts for twenty-one years. Some sources insist that student mollahs never leave the school and are supported and clothed by earnest believers of the neighborhood. It has also been claimed that one night a week students are allowed to

(*Continued on page 68*)

GOING ABROAD?



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MUSIC TO MY EARS

"Ballo" in Sweden—Valkki, Roberti, Mahler No. 3

RULE Number One of the wary impresario is well known: "Don't produce an opera if you can't cast the title part." In this respect at least, the choice of "Un Ballo in Maschera" as the latest in the Metropolitan's lengthy series of Verdi restorations, and the only new production of this austerity season, was reasonable: the "Ballo" which brings it to a close was a brilliantly colorful summation of Ita Maximowna's first scenic venture for this stage, and a neatly satisfactory solution of the operatic problem in this "title part."

Otherwise and elsewhere, the elected choices among possible alternatives ran more to the expedient than the inevitable. Strength was concentrated among the males, with the well-sustained effort of Robert Merrill as Renato the closest approach to a summation of dramatic as well as vocal requirements. It bears honorable scars of a broadcast with the late Arturo Toscanini, and retains more than a few distinctions from that experience beyond a beautifully sung "Eri tu." Whether as Renato of the text (or Captain Anckarström in the pedantic propriety of the "original" Swedish names in the cast listing), Merrill was in and of the scene from his first entrance, a steady fulcrum to some teetering (if not tottering) of the others around him.

Not quite so snug a fit, either for Maximowna's carefully tailored costumes or the total requirements of Verdi, was Carlo Bergonzi's King (either as Riccardo or Gustaf III, his subjects were rather more among the raucous coterie in the standing room than the courtiers on the stage). His is a voice of rare beauty and evenness, now under more consistent control than before, but a shade light, at the full, for the dramatic turn the music takes as the evening progresses. However such flexibility and grace in the Barcarolle and especially in "E scherzo od è follia," in which, with a light stroke of characterization, Verdi illuminated his view of the philandering monarch, are heard infrequently. But voice alone does not make an artist, and Bergonzi is still more enamored of the stage as a platform from which to snare applause than as an area of action.

Not to be ignored among the men of merit was Nello Santi, whose Metropolitan debut as a conductor was much more than merely creditable. Young (thirty-one) and thoroughly indoctrinated in the ways of the Italian theatre in which he grew up, Santi brings with him from Zurich (his present base) one attribute mandatory for a conductor of quality—a discerning ear. The orchestral sound, whether restrained or powerful, was never coarse, and when he had suitable elements at his command (as in the trio of Ulrica, Oscar, and Riccardo in the second scene of Act I) the blend was true and resonant. In addition to sure knowledge of the score (he had one, closed, before him) and self-possession, he also showed a disposition to quick tempi, which may have been in the nature of his reaction to this occasion. In abeyance was a real surge of leadership, the driving urge to make the performance go his way rather than that of the celebrities before him. But this did not do honor to the greatest of them—Verdi.

Nor, for that matter, did the group of female performers, whose efforts accentuated rather than ameliorated the unevenness of Verdi's own accomplishment. "Ballo," after all, is decidedly a transitional work, in the gray area between Late First Period (it follows the great trio of "Rigoletto," "Trovatore," and "Traviata"), and Early Middle (the time of "Forza," "Don Carlo," and the revised "Boccanegra"). For the true kind of creative fulfillment of Amelia's need to be lyric and dramatic by turns, the present vocal command of Leonie Rysanek is, simply, insufficient. She can sear the ear with a ringing top tone in the climax of the duet with Riccardo, or she can, in a quiet moment, drop to a thin thread, well sustained. In between, the results are more miss than hit, wooly at the bottom, with an uncomfortable tremolo in the middle. Possibly there are some problems of general health involved, but the ability to work a finely graded dynamic line or charm the ear with sheer beauty of sound is not her strong suit.

This is doubly unfortunate because she looks well, and has that surge of theatrical instinct which responds to Verdi's crushing climaxes. Also, in this cast there was not much counterbalance to her sound among that produced by the other women: Jean Madeira's

hollow, unlovely way of making Ulrica impressive was ill-matched with the skimpy flutter of Anneliese Rothenberger's attempt to deal with the florid music of Oscar. When she had the opportunity to curve a solid legato line (as in the trio previously mentioned), Miss Rothenberger's artistry was plain to hear. But too much elsewhere required her to be something she isn't, on the Metropolitan scale at any rate.

Obviously Maximowna approached the intensifying brightness of the last scenes (a beautifully painted backdrop for the King's chamber as prelude to the skilfully chromatic ball scene in the Stockholm Opera where the original ball, and assassination, took place) by way of atmospherically darker ones. But Ulrica's den was ill-defined rather than merely untidy, the "campo abbominato" where Amelia goes to find the magic herb, overpopulated by not two or three gibbets, but four, with a fifth in disarray. This did not multiply terror, but did subtract credibility. For the most part, Maximowna's palette treated costumes and background as one entity, or fragmented elements of an embracing color scheme both harmonious and elegant, though the bright green gown Amelia wore for herb-hunting was scarcely calculated for anonymity. Günther Rennert's staging was in the vein of the Maximowna decor—largely realistic, with some baffling turns to symbolism now and then, as in the large shadows of Sam (Bonaldo Giaiotti) and Tom (Luben Vichey, returned from his *Wanderjahre*) in the conspiritorial trio with Renato. For all the elaborate allusions to a Swedish locale (which, to be sure, is preferable to a never-never Boston accepted by Verdi at a censor's insistence), "Ballo" remains a singularly Italian opera which urgently requires, for total justice, a higher consistency of vocal art than it is currently receiving at the Metropolitan.

THE NAME of Margherita Roberti is more likely to be heard with frequency in the near future than that of Anita Valkki, but of these two new singers of late January debuts the Finnish soprano who sang a strong Brünnhilde in the season's last "Walküre" has more for the longer future than the American who offered a rather routine Tosca in her first appearance. Voices that combine size with the beauty of Miss Valkki's are hardly common in the broad range of the operatic repertory, appreciably less so in the specifically Wagnerian one. She is bulky and rather short for the mind's vision of a Valkyrie, but she presented her credentials with a firmly placed, if slightly shrill, "Yo ho to ho" (without benefit of rehearsal, of

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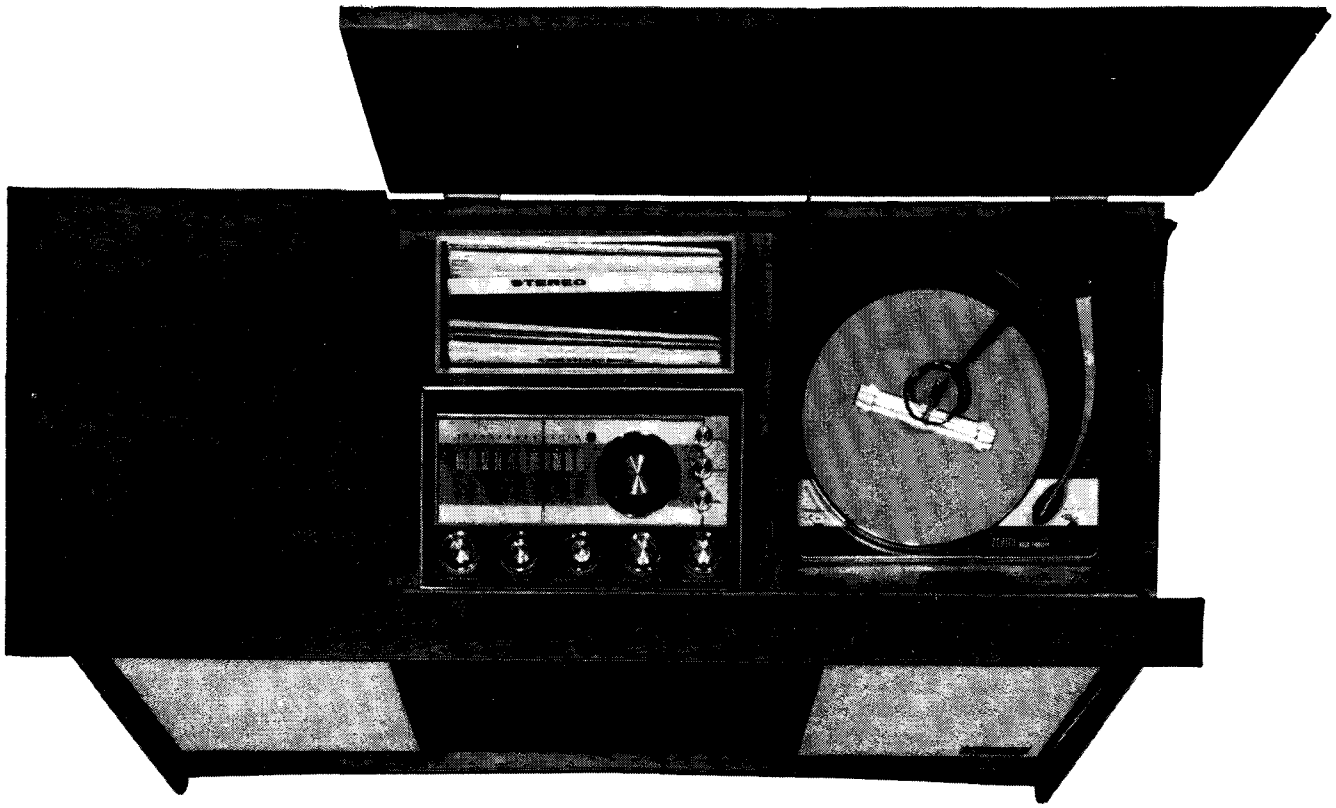

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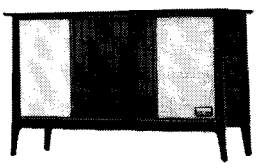

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course), going on to a strong statement of the scene with Siegmund. Some Brünnhildes have made it more ominous, but the pronouncements were carried on a sturdily sustained legato attesting to excellent production and, as yet, no signs of the hard, edgy sound commonly associated with "Wagner soprano." It was an excellent night for Jon Vickers, whose Siegmund was appreciably better than it had been earlier, and a good one for Jerome Hines as Wotan.

Thanks to substantial indoctrination here and abroad, Miss Roberti survived the maelstrom of a debut that also brought Franco Corelli's first Cavaradossi and Anselmo Colzani's initial Scarpia. For it, however, she has paid the price in vocal freshness or real beauty of sound: volume was more conspicuous than quality, though in adaptability alone she will doubtless serve some Metropolitan ends well. Corelli's Cavaradossi was as loud as his Calaf and no more subtle than his Manrico, Colzani's Scarpia a duplicate, in courtlier clothes, of his abrasive Rance in "Fanciulla." Kurt Adler's conducting did little more than adjudicate the conflicting claims of the contestants.

As an incident of its latest visit to Carnegie Hall, the Boston Symphony offered a chance for revaluation of Mahler's lengthy Third Symphony in the leisurely setting of a Saturday matinee. For the occasion, Charles Munch turned his baton over to his lieutenant, Richard Burgin, who reacted by a rapid accension in rank to the generalship required.

Or nearly. For my tonal tolerance, the first movement begins to fragment and digress and otherwise become diffuse before half of its thirty-minute length is expended. And the last pronouncement of the sixth-movement finale has more the pomp inherent in heavy percussion and brass than the circumstances to justify it. Between, however, there is a considerable total of warmly imagined, aptly expressed music, which Burgin exposed with a strong sense of the singular texture Mahler made of low strings and woodwinds, the melodic rather than the proclamative brass. Among other wind instruments artistically played upon to advance Mahler's interest were the beautifully controlled, finely tinted mezzo of Florence Kopleff (in the "O Mensch" excerpt from Nietzsche) and the trumpet-in-a-hat skilfully phrased by Armando Ghitalla (a substitute for the fluegelhorn specified by Mahler, and if not quite so brassy, a little more amenable to discipline). The Chorus Pro Musica, of which Alfred Nash Patterson is the conductor, also merits commendation. —IRVING KOLODIN.

MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

Songster from Texas

By PETER J. WELDING

ONE of the most fortuitous results of the great swell of renewed interest in the country blues that has taken place in jazz and folk music circles in the past few years has been the discovery of and the resultant acclaim belatedly accorded sixty-six-year-old Texas sharecropper and songster Mance Lipscomb, one of the last remaining practitioners of a tradition that had all but disappeared from the American way of life. Until recent months the art of the Southern Negro songster had only rarely been presented on phonograph recordings. Now, however, two vital long-play collections—both given over to Lipscomb's excitingly variegated music—have effected a virtual resurrection of a form thought long dead.

In the early years of this century—and for an as yet undetermined period back into the previous one, though probably extending at least to Emancipation—the songster was a prominent and indensable feature of Southern Negro community life. The most gifted of its singers and instrumentalists, he was in a very real sense the heart and voice of the community, providing the music for every social function at which it was needed: entertaining at back-country suppers, open air dances, rough and tumble jook joints, and even at church services.

However, whether singing for an intimate gathering of friends and neighbors or furnishing the musical impetus for a large dancing assemblage, the songster drew on a broad-based repertoire that embraced the whole well-spring of Negro song, secular and sacred, individual and communal creation alike. Thus, the art of the songster included long narrative ballads, reels, breakdowns, drags and other country dance pieces, shouts, jubilees and blues —in short, the whole broad complex of song styles the Negro had evolved in the New World. Yet not only was he a veritable repository of song and dance traditions; he was also a perpetuator of them, a performer *and* inventor whose own personal refinements, changes, additions, and creations kept the tradition a growing, evolving, ever-changing thing. His vital function was in providing the extemporization that has always been the life force of Afro-American folksong.

The third decade of this century saw a movement away from and a gradual diminution of emphasis on the songster's role in the propagation of Negro music. With the rise of the phonograph record in the 1920s and the overnight emergence of recording "personalities" (even in the "race record" lists) there resulted a distorted emphasis on but one aspect of the whole body of Negro song—the impassioned and tautly introspective blues.

With the recording, in August of 1920, of the earliest of real vocal blues —Mamie Smith's straightforward singing of Perry Bradford's "Crazy Blues" —the age of the blues was ushered in and the older traditions went by the board in the sudden rush of blues recording that followed hard on its heels. In response to the great commercial demand for the blues, there rapidly took place a specialization among many country musicians which inevitably led to the growth of a distinct class of professional blues performers—and to the relative exclusion of all other traditional song forms.

"Because this music [the blues] is so thoroughly documented on phonograph records," writes blues authority Mack McCormick, "and because the broader ranging earlier tradition from which the 'blues singer' broke away is only rarely represented, we are left with a distorted view of Negro traditions." He continues, "The lop-sided perspective of recorded music, records made to be listened to, tends to obscure the obvious: that Negro song was predominantly associated with the rhythms of work, of church, and of dance. Some songs were carried along by stage and street singers, some were carried within families, but the heart of the tradition lay preponderantly in the music of the songster—the community musician who played and sang for the social affairs of his neighbors."

Thus, the discovery at this point in time (after four decades of blues recording) of master songster Mance

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Lipscomb—a stunningly creative music maker whose own repertoire spans a fifty-year period and the whole range of Afro-American song—is an event of great significance in American folksong documentation. Lipscomb's gripping, intense, and infectious work restores to currency a sound long absent from the land—the sound of the songster in all its rich variety and expressive power. Properly, his is a voice from the past.

Yet the past he represents—with its unconscionable, harrowingly brutal system of exploitation and victimization of the Negro—is very much of the present, too. Lipscomb, born and raised in the harsh bottomlands of the Brazos Valley of Texas—where he was discovered and recorded by McCormick—has supported himself (and later a family) since the age of eleven, over a half-century ago, first hiring himself out as a farmhand and from 1911, when he was sixteen, sharecropping a twenty-acre cotton plot.

"I started," he says of the early days, "under a general manager of one of the big plantations. In them days it was all big places—500, 600 acres—around here. Well, you go down there and work on half-handers. They furnish groceries, mules, feed, plows. They *each* 'em out [hand them out] from the commissary store. Then when you make a crop, if I get ten bales of cotton, he get five, I get five. Then it be time to settle up with the commissary for what they'd give you. Sometimes, the end of the year come you might clear a little something. Then again, they liable to say, 'Well, you didn't pay me up this year.' Nothing you could do about it. You done worked and sold the cotton and corn at their price."

Under these bitterly oppressive conditions (which would have bowed many a lesser man) Lipscomb eked out a livelihood for forty-two years, clearing $700 in his best year; this was an exception, since he generally realized but $150 to $200 in the "good years." He somehow survived the depression years, and in 1943 was enabled, by dint of years of scrimping and going without, to purchase his own farming implements and a team of mules, and began farming rented land. "You call that third-and-fourths, now," he says, "I do my own furnishing and then the man that owned the land would get every third bale of cotton, every fourth load of corn. But still you never did make anything after you pay back what you had to borrow. You make thirty bales, you still come out in debt on the split."

Mance quit farming in 1956 and went to work for a Houston lumber company, where the following year a truck overturned and falling lumber injured both his eyesight and his limbs.

—*Chris Strachwitz.*

Mance Lipscomb — "stunningly creative music maker . . . gripping, intense, and infectious work."

Since then he has worked as a tractor driver for a Navasota contractor. The truly ironic aspect of the situation is that he was never able to get sufficiently ahead until he gave up farming, and then only as a result of his accident, for the small compensation he received for his injury has enabled him to purchase a plot of land near Navasota, on which he is presently building a house for his family.

If his life has been one of ceaseless hardship in wresting a meager living for himself and three generations of Lipscombs from the rich black bottomlands of the Brazos Valley, it has also been one in which song was a near necessity of life, almost a condition for survival. Performing backbreaking farm labor six days of the week for forty-seven years under the merciless red Texas sun, Mance filled his weekends with music making. "Saturday night I'd play all night," he says with characteristic gaiety, "till eleven o'clock Sunday morning—and go right back and play for the white dance Sunday night and then go to the field Monday."

The two exciting long-play collections given over to his music making, "Mance Lipscomb" (Arhoolie F-1001) and "Trouble in Mind" (Reprise R-2012), provide a stunningly representative sampling of the art of the songster at its most powerfully effective. What is served up in these two discs is in effect a typical program of songs that Mance might offer in a weekend of singing and playing on his front porch for the entertainment of his friends and neighbors in Navasota. Thus, the material spans the entire spectrum of traditional Negro song. There are long narrative ballads like "Freddie," "Ella Speed," and "Ballad of the Boll Weevil"; rousing country dance pieces such as "Sugar Babe, It's All Over Now," "Ain't Gonna Rain No More," "Mama Don't Allow," and "Buck Dance"; impassioned old field blues like "One Thin Dime," "Red River," and "Goin' to Louisiana"; blues of relative recent vintage as "Goin' Down Slow," "Night Time Is the Right Time" (an especially breathtaking version), and "Baby, Please Don't Go"; an old Texas gambling song, "Jack o' Diamonds Is a Hard Card to Play"; several archaic religious pieces, "Motherless Children" and "When Death Comes Creeping in Your Room"; as well as a number of Lipscomb's own personal, highly introspective creations, among them the largely autobiographical "Captain, Captain," the surging country dance tune "Shake, Shake, Mama," and the bawdy " 'Bout a Spoonful."

To find in these days a singer whose personal repertoire covers such a broad range of styles and traditions is truly remarkable; yet even more astonishing is the freshness, driving intensity, and vigor of his performances, for Lipscomb —though a sexagenarian—is a songster whose impressive powers have been undiminished by encroaching age, who sings and plays the old songs with the same exuberance and passion with which he animated them a half-century ago, before the onslaught of industrial music threatened to deprive us of this proud heritage, of which he may be the last representative.

"Mance Lipscomb, Texas Sharecropper and Songster": "Freddie"; "Sugar Babe, It's All Over Now"; "Going Down Slow"; "Baby, Please Don't Go"; "Rock Me All Night Long"; "Ain't Gonna Rain No More"; "Jack o' Diamonds Is a Hard Card to Play"; "Shake, Shake, Mama"; "Ella Speed"; "One Thin Dime"; "Going to Louisiana"; "Mama Don't Allow"; "Ain't It Hard"; " 'Bout a Spoonful." Arhoolie F-1001, available from the International Blues Record Club, P.O. Box 671, Los Gatos, California, $5.

"Trouble in Mind." Mance Lipscomb: "Captain, Captain"; "Careless Love"; "When Death Comes Creeping in Your Room"; "Alabama Bound"; "Buck Dance"; "Night Time Is the Right Time"; "Rocks and Gravel Makes a Solid Road"; "Johnnie Take a One on Me"; "Motherless Children"; "Which-A-Way Do Red River Run"; "Trouble in Mind"; "Ballad of the Boll Weevil." Reprise R-2012, $4.98.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Gene Ammons: "Nice and Cool." Ammons, tenor sax; Richard Wyands, piano; Doug Watkins, bass; J. C. Heard, drums. Prestige Moodsville PVLP 18, $4.98. Gene Ammons and Richard Holmes: "Groovin' with Jug." Ammons, tenor; Holmes, organ; Gene Edwards, guitar; Leroy Henderson, drums. Pacific Jazz PJ-32, $4.98.	Gene Ammons, an experienced mainstream tenor sax, in two very different settings. Neither is in the least fruitful. The Moodsville album is an assortment of ballads serving, at best, as low-volume background music. Ammons's work is routine, while Wyands's chording is merely modish. The Pacific Jazz album is mostly up-tempo originals, none memorable. The absence of a bassist is sorely felt, and Holmes's brainless energy becomes very trying after a few minutes. In the right surroundings Ammons can do better.
Ray Charles: "The Genius Sings the Blues." Charles, piano and vocals, with varying and unlisted personnel. Atlantic 8052, $3.98.	This man's voice, in spite of the noise that so frequently accompanies it, is one of the wonders of American Negro music. Here the accompaniment is functional, provided by Charles's small group (which only occasionally edges too far into rock 'n' roll), augmented on several tunes by the Raylettes, a female trio whose gospel singing is thoroughly secular. Their riffing on the surging waltz-blues "Early in the Morning" gives Charles very exciting antiphonal support. All the tunes are blues, and most are slow laments. They come from several sessions scattered through the past few years.
John Coltrane: "Olé Coltrane." Coltrane, tenor sax and soprano sax; Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; George Lane, flute and alto sax; McCoy Tyner, piano; Reggie Workman and Art Davis, basses; Elvin Jones, drums. Atlantic 1373; $4.98.	There is a current theory, most prominently preached and practiced by Coltrane's old boss Miles Davis, according to which the complex, dense chord progressions of much modern jazz are a deterrent to melodic creativity. Better, it is said, to work with the simplest harmonic foundations and thereby "free" the soloist. Coltrane seems to have been all too convinced. "Olé," the longest (eighteen minutes) of these three long pieces, is based on only two alternating chords or scales. The result is a straitjacket easier on the player but no more liberating in the long run than a complicated chord sequence, and the piece is extremely boring in consequence. The other tunes are more thickly padded in motionless impressionistic harmonies, which the players run aimlessly. Elvin Jones, though, is as magnificent as usual.
The Dukes of Dixieland: "Breakin' It Up on Broadway." Frank Assunto, trumpet; Fred Assunto, trombone; Jac Assunto, trombone and banjo; Jerry Fuller, clarinet; Gene Schroeder, piano; Jim Hall, guitar; Jim Atlass, bass; Charlie Lodice, drums. Columbia CL 1728, $3.98; CS 8528, $4.98.	Two excellent musicians, Schroeder and Hall, join the Dukes for this session (Schroeder is now a permanent member) but are kept firmly in their place—the rhythm section. Schroeder's few short solos hardly reveal him. Frank Assunto has some good moments. Otherwise this is second-rate Dixieland, drained of most of the imagination and emotion that other men once expressed so well in the style.
Teddy Edwards and Howard McGhee: "Together Again." McGhee, trumpet; Edwards, tenor sax; Phineas Newborn, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums. Contemporary M3588, $4.98; 7588, $5.98.	Howard McGhee was one of the most respected trumpeters of the Forties, playing in a style influenced by both Roy Eldridge and Dizzy Gillespie. Now, after nearly a decade of obscurity, he is again playing as well as ever, with the same warm, husky tone and oblique melodic conception. Edwards, a fine tenor whose roots are also in the bop era, is not at his best on this record; many of his choruses are spotty and disconnected. Brown and Thigpen play beautifully, but Newborn's chording in the rhythm section is sometimes archly unsympathetic. His solos, however, show that he is beginning to use his phenomenal technique more thoughtfully than in the past.
The Elmo Hope Quintet. Hope, piano; Stu Williamson, trumpet; Harold Land, tenor sax; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Frank Butler, drums. The Jazz Messengers. Bill Hardiman, trumpet; Jackie McLean, alto sax; Sam Dockery, piano; Spanky DeBrest, bass; Art Blakey, drums. Pacific Jazz PJ-33, $4.98.	Two of these five performances are by the 1956 Jazz Messengers. All the members of the group except Blakey were young and still groping toward stylistic and technical ease. When the soloists flag, as they do, you can always listen to Blakey, whose richly accented support is beautiful in itself. The level of invention is higher on the three Hope pieces despite some inconsistency.
Gunther Schuller and Jim Hall: "Jazz Abstractions." Varying personnel including Jim Hall, guitar; Ornette Coleman and Eric Dolphy, reeds; Eddie Costa, vibes; Bill Evans, piano; George Duvivier and Scott LaFaro, basses; The Contemporary String Quartet, and others. Atlantic 1365, $4.98.	Hall's "Piece for Guitar and Strings" is conservative and undemanding. Its melodies and voicings resemble John Lewis's, but not to the point of imitation. The five string players are concert, not jazz, musicians, and Hall's score wisely respects their rhythmic limitations and conception of intonation. Schuller's three pieces, by contrast, are complex and startlingly eclectic. "Abstraction" combines serial writing with improvisation by Ornette Coleman, who plays both a solo cadenza and freely in the ensemble. The cadenza is fine, but the combination seems contrived. "Variants on a Theme of John Lewis" ("Django") contains some wonderfully stirring music, but it also suffers at intervals from a gap between Lewis's classically simple conception—reflected here by Hall, Duvivier, and drummer Sticks Evans—and the more daring grafts added in the writing and in playing by LaFaro and Dolphy. "Variants on a Theme of Thelonius Monk" is based on "Criss Cross," whose spare, dissonant textures serve Schuller a bit better. The improvisation is good, and Schuller's writing in the serene and tempoless second variant is his best on the record. An uneven and stimulating album.
Martial Solal. Solal, piano; Guy Pedersen, bass; Daniel Humair, drums. Capitol T-10261, $3.98.	Originally from Algiers and now a Parisian, Solal may well be Europe's most original and interesting jazz pianist. His remote ancestors are Tatum, Powell, and Garner, and his technique is *formidable.* One side of the record contains five Solal originals which he plays with a good rhythm section; the other has six jazz standards (among them "Round Midnight," "Flamingo," and "Lover Man") performed by Solal alone. He plays the standards with a harmonic wizardry that borders on the capricious and without much concern for continuity—brilliant, brittle streams of consciousness. The originals are less exhibitionistic and stuffed with fine ideas.
Lester Young: "The Essential Lester Young." Young, tenor sax, with six small groups. Verve V-8398, $4.98.	Lester Young was one of the greatest musicians in jazz, and this album is supposed to be the cream of his many recordings for Norman Granz's succession of labels. It is not quite that. The selections range chronologically from "Back to the Land," an indescribably lovely blues made in 1945 with Nat Cole on piano and Buddy Rich on drums, to "Sunday," made in 1958 with Harry Edison, in which Young plays with the painfully listless otherworldliness that characterizes so many of his last records. The other pieces, all from the early Fifties, include three superb up-tempo blues (two, "Up 'n Adam" and "Encore," with the excellent pianist Hank Jones), two ballads, and, inexplicably, a worthless Jazz at the Philharmonic performance of "Lester Leaps In" which lasts no less than twelve raucous moments, many of them not Lester's at all.

—Mait Edey.

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Bartok's Melodious "Confession"

—Peter Bartók

Stefi Geyer (left) and her daughter Putzi in 1937.

WHEN Béla Bartók's Concerto No. 1 for Violin and Orchestra was given its world premiere at the 1958 Bartók Festival in Basle the event was tantalizingly enveloped in extramusical mystery. Completed in 1908, the concerto had gone unperformed for half a century.

Musically, however, the concerto was but half a mystery, for its first movement was already known as the first of the "Two Portraits." In addition, a motif common to both works (satirically treated in the distorted "Second Portrait") was used by Bartók in the last two of the pivotal Fourteen Bagatelles and the "Dedication" to the Ten Easy Pieces for piano. This four-note motif (D-F♯-A-C♯) apparently haunted Bartók during the period 1907-8 that culminated in the composition of the First String Quartet.

All tonal roads, in respect to this mysterious ritornello, lead back to the rediscovered violin concerto. Conductor Paul Sacher had been given its manuscript by Hungarian violinist Stefi Geyer for performance after her death (which occurred in 1957). At the time of the Swiss performance Sacher announced that Bartók had presented and dedicated the work to Miss Geyer; he felt that the dedication, as reported in *Time*, was "too personal for publication." Photostatic copies of the score consequently, and conspicuously, lacked the dedication page.

Such coyness only encouraged speculation where it was intended to deter it. Obviously Bartók, at the age of twenty-six, was much taken with the then seventeen-year-old Miss Geyer and had poured his emotions into a form he best understood. His letters to her hardly qualify (except between the lines) as love letters. They are in fact almost sophomoric in their grappling with the attempt to say all without actually telling. Of the three extant letters by Bartók to Miss Geyer (August and September, 1907) one is a contrived though quite amusing imaginary dialogue between a peasant and a collector of folk songs. The second, and more revealing perhaps, is a long essay on the composer's religious views (obviously counter to his correspondent's) and defiantly signed "A Godless One." Bartók opens the letter by informing Miss Geyer that he had been so eager to get her letter that he had set out "in wind and rain" and consequently, "almost came to grief." Bartók, whose health had always been delicate, caught a very bad cold. He admitted that he could not wait for the weather to clear in order to learn "whether it is something good or bad you have in store for me. . . . Is it that you merely wanted to set down one or two roguish witticisms or would you trust more serious matters to paper?"

In her letter Miss Geyer had observed that ". . . life is so beautiful, there are so many beautiful things . . . in nature . . . in art . . . in science," which inspired Bartók's atheistic disquisition. "This," he wrote in reply, "is the most beautiful thing you have ever written to me."

A third (undated) letter contains a musical example. Over an ascending four-note theme Bartók had written "Your own leitmotif." It is, of course, the theme that wove in and out of his work during the 1907-8 period.

Bartók composed the two-movement violin concerto for Miss Geyer, employing as its main theme the motif he identified with her. On the dedication

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page he wrote: "My confession to Stefi —from happy old times—and even then it was only half happiness." Obviously Bartók's "romance" with Stefi Geyer, though inspiring, was intellectual, distant and not a little unrequited. His recognition of the fact must have come around the time of the composition of the Fourteen Bagatelles (May, 1908), for the thirteenth, titled "She is dead" (figuratively, of course), and the last, "My Dancing Darling," both use the motif. It only remained for Bartók to take the entire first movement of the violin concerto (with very minor changes, mainly in tempos), to which he added (as replacement for the concerto's second movement) the satiric last Bagatelle orchestrated as the distorted "Second Portrait." Thus he had simply written Stefi Geyer out of his system.

The recording which has prompted the above is the fittingly devoted performance by Isaac Stern with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene

Ormandy (Columbia MS 6277, $5.98; ML 5677, $4.98; coupled with Viotti: Concerto No. 22 in A minor). The lyrically appealing Bartók concerto is a worthy representative of the composer's early output. The first movement is meditative, sustained in mood, and, for all its romantic overtones, remarkably reserved. The orchestra furnishes reticent and economical accompaniment. The second movement—the only new music—is typical of Bartók in a more whimsical mood, alternating lively passages with lyrical ones. Just before the cadence there is a final reference to the "Stefi Geyer motif." Even without its biographical connotations, Bartók's rhapsodic concerto is a thoroughly attractive work. The performance is, in a word, ravishing. (The Viotti concerto is also attractive and replete with melody and equally well served by soloist and orchestra, but rather overshadowed by Bartók's melodious "confession.")

—Edward Jablonski.

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Berg in Duplicate

WHEN the chips of musical history are down, Alban Berg's "Wozzeck" and "Lulu" may be recognized as milestones comparable in importance to Stravinsky's significant early scores. While two world wars and the unfortunate Nazi interlude seem to have impeded the spread of Berg's works, not to mention the unfamiliarity of idiom, the inaccessibility factor is rapidly receding.

Columbia's new two-volume set of "Music of Alban Berg" (M2L 271, $9.98/M2S 620, $11.98) and Mercury's current release of "Suites from Wozzeck and Lulu" (MG 50278, $4.98/SR 90278, $5.98) add much to the currently available Berg recordings. Robert Craft has chosen to record four symphonic excerpts from "Lulu," "Der Wein," Three Movements from the "Lyric Suite," the Chamber Concerto for Violin, Piano and Thirteen Wind Instruments, plus the Seven Early Songs. Dorati, conducting the London Symphony Orchestra, gives us Suites from "Wozzeck" and "Lulu."

Soprano Helga Pilarczyk does nobly, if noble be the word for such wanton vocalism as the characters of Marie and Lulu evoke. Her voice is rich and highly dramatic and, as all elements in this Mercury disc, superbly recorded. While another recording of the "Wozzeck" music is not particularly newsworthy, the release of two different versions of the "Lulu" Suites is.

Considering the prominence of this music in the evolution of the Viennese dodecaphonic school, it is relatively unknown. Although such conductors as Stock, Stokowski, and Koussevitzky programmed it shortly after its completion, subsequent playings have been infrequent. Unfavorable critical and audience reactions of the early performances have not enhanced the reputation of these excerpts with box office-conscious managers and conductors. Chicago audiences in 1936 "expressed their displeasure in rather vehement hissing," reported *Musical America*. Olin Downes, on hearing a second performance of the Suite, regarded it as "involved trash" and ventured that it would not "outlast the decade that gave it birth." Now, nearly three decades after Downes's inaccurate prognosis, we have a choice of two different versions of this intensely pathetic music.

A year before Berg died in 1935 he extracted from his still unfinished opera a set of fragments in the form of a suite, just as he had done with "Wozzeck" a decade earlier. Dorati follows the order of Berg's original selection of excerpts which he called Symphonic Pieces from the opera "Lulu." He therefore includes Miss Pilarczyk's singing of Lulu's Song, which Craft regards as a "tiny aria . . . absurdly disproportionate to the large-scale orchestral pieces that precede and follow it." And perhaps he is right. He has chosen to record four segments from the Suite, following the operatic sequence rather than the order Berg prescribed.

Since the "Lulu" excerpts are of prime significance, choice between the two versions is arbitrary and may depend on what other Berg works one already has. The Mercury recording is sumptuous in sound and Dorati is masterful in his handling of the orchestra. Columbia, on its two-disc set, brings greater variety. Craft, in the past, has been more distinguished for his zeal than his craft, but none of the works in this current recording is marred by any lack of subtlety such as was evident in his Webern performances. While his reading of the "Lulu" excerpts is less sensuous than that of Dorati, it is not costly, for the music is already so overladen with emotion that Craft's restraint is welcome.

THE rest of this collection is qualitatively variable. Bethany Beardslee, singing "Der Wein" and the Seven Early Songs, does so artistically if with a white sound.

Craft's way with the Three Movements from the "Lyric Suite" is heavy-handed. For an example of how effective and convincing this music can be, one must turn to the performance of the complete Suite by the Juilliard Quartet on RCA Victor (LM/LSC-2531). The Chamber Concerto, finished on Berg's fortieth birthday, has always been an ungrateful work, though Craft and his two soloists, Israel Baker, violinist, and Pearl Kaufman, pianist, perform skilfully.

On the whole, Craft's conducting, which has been both dutiful and scholarly, is now becoming admirable. These recordings are many cuts above any of his previously recorded efforts, and the news that he will record the operas of Berg for Columbia is welcome.

—OLIVER DANIEL.

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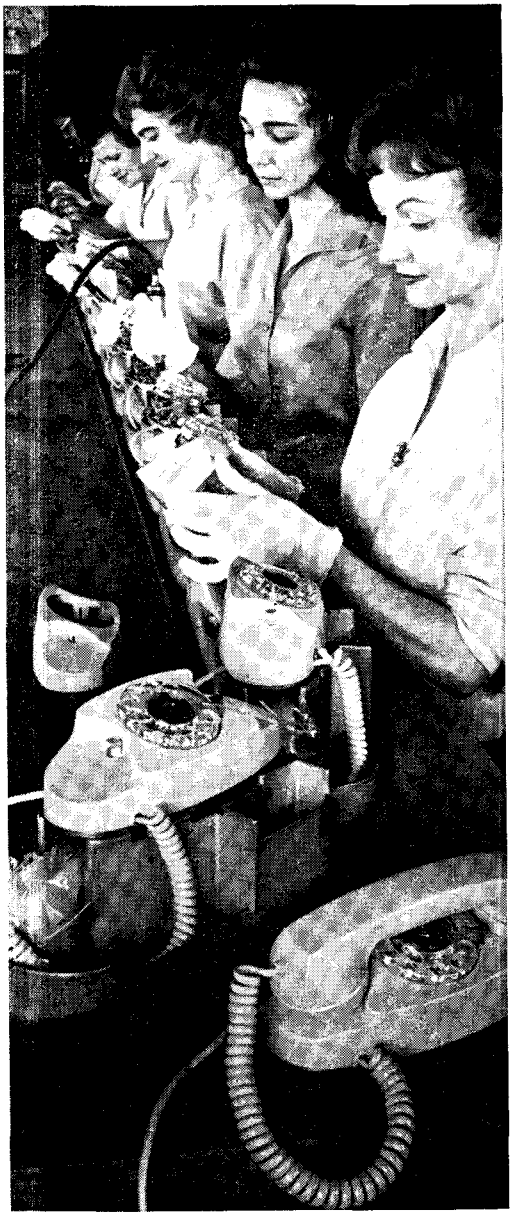

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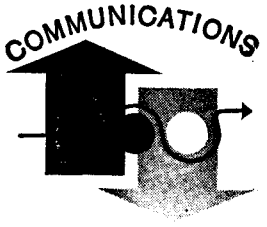

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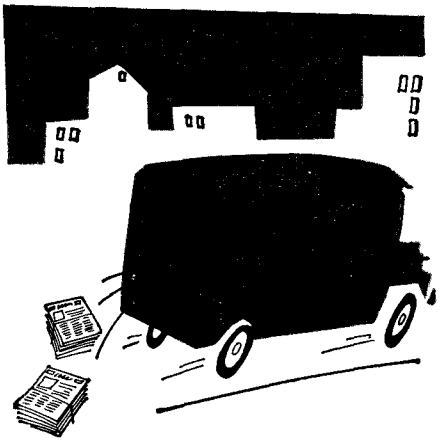

Los Angeles and the "Dying Newspaper"

RECENT suspension of two daily newspapers in Los Angeles has set off more than the usual flood of rumors about the "dying newspaper." There have been so many big-city mergers, suspensions, and combinations in recent years that, on the surface, the rumors would seem to have merit. Offhand, it might appear tragic in the field of communications that the second largest metropolitan area in the country has now been reduced to one morning and one evening downtown daily newspaper, about as close to a monopoly situation as it's possible to move without single ownership.

But a closer look at Los Angeles and other huge metropolitan areas shows quite a different picture, and in fact a healthy one. In point of fact, more daily newspapers were started in the United States in 1961 than suspended publication, reversing a trend toward fewer dailies which began in the 1950s. The American Newspaper Publishers Association tells us that nineteen new daily newspapers were started last year while only thirteen suspended daily publication, a net gain of six dailies. Of the thirteen suspensions in 1961, three dailies were withdrawn outright, four merged with other newspapers, and six went from daily to weekly or semiweekly publication.

What has been happening to the press in megapolis simply and logically parallels the population trend since World War II. Mighty few large American cities showed population gains between the 1950 and 1960 Federal Census. Indeed, of the top ten cities in the U.S. only Los Angeles and Houston increased in population in the decade. But the suburban metropolitan areas doubled and even tripled in the most stimulating population growth of the century.

This growth has been consistently good for the suburban press. And where the number of newspapers has actually dwindled inside the top ten American cities, the rapidly growing bedroom communities of suburbia, exurbia, and interurbia have turned into the most fertile newspaper properties.

One of the reasons for this change in the old circulation pattern is the fact that so many people now go to and from work by automobile, and it's pretty hard to drive a car and read a newspaper at the same time. This wasn't so in days when streetcars and steam engines handled the bulk of commuter traffic.

The general manager of the ANPA, Stanford Smith, feels that the trend toward a larger suburban press and away from the once huge metropolitan daily is the wave of the future. The same thing is happening in the department store business; almost all large metropolitan department stores now have flourishing suburban outlets which, in a few cases, have completely overwhelmed the importance of the once-monolithic metropolitan establishment. And more than 60,250,000 copies of daily newspapers are now bought every day in the U.S.—a record high. A great many more of them are home-delivered in this highly motorized age than ever they

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were when the trolley and steam engine were our chief modes of travel.

Television and radio news coverage is yet another factor. The top national and international headlines are siphoned off at any hour through electronic newscasting. But no Douglas Edwards or David Brinkley can possibly cover the big local events so important to growing suburbia, exurbia, and interurbia. That gives the small local paper its finest hour and accounts for the perfectly enormous growth of successful weeklies, semiweeklies, and small dailies since 1950. They cover their field like the morning dew, as the saying used to go, and make wonderful advertising media, albeit in a drastically changed communications profession.

Indeed, if a newspaper man wants to retire gracefully and comfortably, all he has to figure out is which area just outside which U.S. metropolis will have the greatest growth in the next ten years, find a weekly for sale there or start one, put in a few years of eighty-hour weeks (a twenty-hour week is sometimes used up in one day in the newspaper business), and settle back to rich, full retirement. For there simply isn't a more viable property than, say, a small newspaper in the right part of Arizona or California or Connecticut and there probably isn't a happier life either, if you're not afraid of dawn-to-midnight hours now and then. —R.L.T.

Introducing New By-Liners

WALTER LANIER (RED) BARBER was born in Columbus, Mississippi, and began broadcasting major league baseball in 1934 for the Cincinnati Reds. He came in 1939 to the Brooklyn Dodgers and in August of that year he broadcast the first big league baseball game ever televised. Moving to Yankee Stadium in 1954, Red Barber continued to add to his reputation as one of the most literate of the sportscasters. From 1946 to 1955 he was Director of Sports at CBS.

RICHARD HILL WILKINSON has been a free-lance writer for years. As his article suggests, a great deal of what he wrote early in his career was published in the pulps under one by-line or another, but in recent years he's been writing mostly for radio, motion pictures, and television. At present he teaches writing in the public schools of Burbank, California.

Letters to the Communications Editor

THE RIGHT TO KNOW

PRESUMABLY ALL stout hearts are astir in support of the newsman, now that he has been revealed, in the Communications Editor's recent preachment "On Revealing the Source of News" [*SR*, Dec. 9], as the "conscientious, honest, public-minded newshawk." The editor instructs us that to champion the newshawk who "stands his ground" as a court witness and refuses to answer the lawyer's question about where he got his story—the story that became public wisdom through publication—is really to champion "honest journalism" and "the people's right to know."

The editor's stated reason for sanctioning the newshawk's withholding of relevant evidence at a court proceeding (even though the rights of the litigants, and in the long run the rights of all of us, depend upon the court's power to get at the facts) is that "anything that helps the legitimate and soberly conscientious reporter to tell the truth in the public interest is all to the good." Wonderful. Interesting as it might be to pursue the assumed legitimacy, sobriety, and conscientiousness of the newshawk, it is more pertinent to ask 1) whether allowing the newshawk to publish stories, knowing that the sources of information will ever be kept from the public, might not be quite helpful to the telling of falsehood and gossip; 2) whether and in what way this insured secrecy might really aid in the telling of truth.

The editor's unstated, unargued, unproved, and unsound premise is that journalistic truth currently suffers from the possibility that the source of published information (or misinformation) may be exposed to public knowledge if it becomes relevant evidence in a court proceeding. Insisting upon a right to withhold relevant evidence in the name of "the people's right to know" seems, to this spoilsport, to involve double talk at least patent enough to require the editor to say more about his premise in particular, and less about "freedom of the press" in general.

JOHN A. BEACH.
Syracuse, N.Y.

NOT ALWAYS THE PR MAN

NO DOUBT L. L. L. Golden's article "PR in the Advertising Agency" [*SR*, Jan. 13] inspired a spate of comments stressing that public relations within an advertising agency is a) most effective, b) ineffective, c) effective "depending on the circumstances," etc.

Disregard them all.

The essential element in effective public relations is not its physical origin. It depends almost solely on the person or persons involved.

We have seen some of the best public relations thinking—and some of the worst—come from company presidents, attorneys, accountants, engineers, designers, clerks, advertising agents, public relations counselors, etc.

JACK BERNSTEIN,
Jack Bernstein Associates, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

OFFSET, GRADUATE LEVEL

WHERE DID JOHN TEBBEL get some of the information he relates in "The Quiet Offset Revolution" [*SR*, Dec. 9]? It is misleading.

First: Hot metal machine composition may be used for offset printing. But, instead of printing from type metal, reproduction proofs are pulled and these are used for paste-ups. Also, not all cold type composition machines resemble typewriters, as a Fotosetter will prove.

Second: Pictures (I assume he means photographs) are not pasted on a layout. Space for pictures is indicated by ruled lines or blocks which are later cut out carefully to permit stripping in of halftone negatives which are made with a magenta or gray screen.

Third: Cold type can be cut apart line by line and spaced to fill, though it cannot be leaded. It's a tedious job and a time-consuming one but it is being done every day in hundreds of offset shops.

Fourth: Cut-off lines should present no problem. They may be set in type at the end of an item, or pre-printed, wax-backed material may be used. Also, there is rule material that comes in rolls and may be cut to any size for cut-offs as well as border material.

Fifth: Paste-ups for offset usually are made with rubber cement, and not glue. Wax-backed sheets also are used, but this is a far more costly process.

Maybe if Mr. Tebbel would take some time to visit an offset shop or two in Manhattan he would get a better idea of what he is writing about.

G. HARRIS DANZBERGER.
Hingham, Mass.

"RIGHT ON THE LINE"

ONCE AGAIN I would like to thank Richard L. Tobin for the editorial "1962: Can Educational TV Turn the Corner?" [*SR*, Jan. 13]. I have sent copies to our Board of Directors and have also notified our affiliated stations about the article. Quite a few of our staff members join me in complimenting *SR* for a piece that puts the status of educational television right on the line.

NAZARET CHERKEZIAN,
National Education Television and Radio Center.
New York, N. Y.

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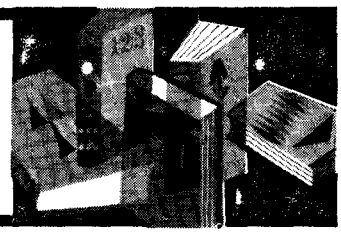
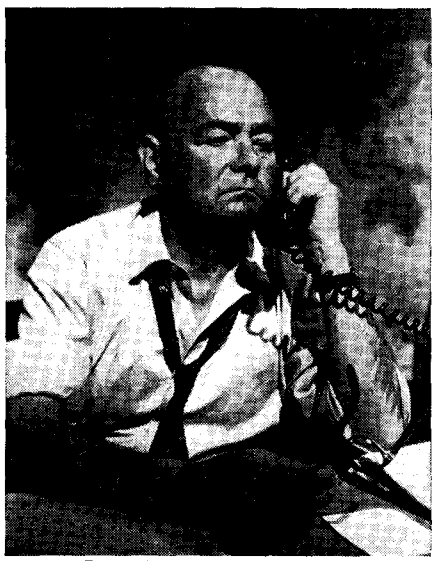
Books in Communications



The Common Touch



—*From "The Day the Earth Caught Fire."*

Arthur Christiansen — "Make the news exciting, even when it's dull."

ONE night during World War II, Nazi airmen dropped a land mine into Fleet Street by parachute. The mine, an ominous contraption of Storm Trooper proportions, came to a precarious rest in the telegraph wires just outside the *Daily Express* building. Because of the danger of vibration, the presses were stopped. The police advised that the building be evacuated. Inside, however, the editors and reporters preferred to deal with the crisis in their own way. They spent the night playing poker and drinking Scotch.

That was the only time during World War II that Lord Beaverbrook's *Daily Express*, the second largest newspaper in the English-speaking world, failed to reach all its readers. Under the editorship of a young journalistic wizard named Arthur Christiansen, it weathered the blitz, the loss of top editorial hands to the armed forces, and newsprint shortages—and through it all managed somehow to continue boosting readership at a dizzying clip. Not the least of its wartime distinctions was that the editor himself earned a position on Hitler's "death list," a roster of prominent Englishmen with whom Der Führer planned to settle personal scores when he invaded Britain. (More recently Christiansen has added another distinction to his record of achievements by playing, of all people, the editor of the *Daily Express* in the movie "The Day the Earth Caught Fire," reviewed on page 35).

These and other times on the *Daily Express* are recalled by Christiansen in **"Headlines All My Life"** (Harper, $4.95), a lively potpourri of reflection and anecdote that offers some surprising glimpses into the rowdy and romantic world of British journalism. The cast of characters, as colorful a lot as ever populated a city room, ranges from "the Beaver" himself to a vast swarm of reporters, each with his special crotchets and idiosyncracies. There was, for example, the film critic who, one day in 1935, was sent to Southampton to meet the *Aquitania* and its cargo of movie stars. Ten miles from port, however, the ship ran aground. At the *Daily Express* office, Christiansen, assuming the critic would hire a boat to get a firsthand report on the accident, awaited his dispatch. But when the critic got back to Fleet Street, he explained that he had been unable to interview the film stars and had therefore come home.*

Christiansen's career as an editor began just after his sixteenth birthday, when he quit school and went to work for a weekly. In 1933, not yet thirty years old, he became editor of the *Daily Express*. By the time he retired from the post in 1957, he had doubled the paper's circulation (it stands at 4,200,000 today), created a new breed of journalism, and, through his special brand of editorial magic, made himself the highest-paid editor in Fleet Street.

While the names and places mentioned in "Headlines All My Life" are likely to be largely unfamiliar to American readers, the book as a whole is a valuable exposition of one man's attitude toward the craft of editing. Summing up, Christiansen writes: "That was the technique. Make the news exciting, even when it was dull. Make the news palatable by lavish presentation. Make the unreadable readable. Find the news behind the news. Find the news even before it has happened." And in one of the bulletins he wrote every day for the *Daily Express* staff, he put his credo this way: "In the handling of every single story, whether it be high politics or broad humanity, we should never fail to have the *common touch.*"

Christiansen's own prose, coming from an editor whose trade-mark was the kind of writing a man could read swiftly and easily while relaxing in a pub, is often curiously muted, his humor surprisingly underplayed. But at his best he has a deft touch with an anecdote, as when he tells of his boss, the forbidding Lord Beaverbrook, telephoning him one day after he had overslept and failed to arrive at the office until noon.

"What time do you get to your office in the morning?" Beaverbrook asked.

"It depends on what time I finish the previous night, sir," Christiansen replied.

"I did not ask you what time you finished. I want to know what time you come into your office in the morning."

"It depends on what time I finish. Sometimes it's 2 a.m., sometimes it's 3 a.m. . . ."

"I am not interested in what time you finish, only in what time you come in."

"Well, I must repeat that it depends on . . ."

At that point, Christiansen was cut short. "Give me a time," said Beaverbrook, "and I promise you that never, never, never will I call you before that time." —J.F.F.

MIXED MEMORIES: Wherever parlor games are still played in our TV era, where good conversation hasn't already succumbed to the mechanical mass monsters, one surely successful conversation piece is: "If you could choose your own time on earth, what period of history would you have wished to live in?" And the answerers usually include a few nostalgic souls who think they would have been happiest between, say, 1890 and 1914. If these were not the good old days, they argue, then each man has to make his own definition.

Alan Valentine's **"1913: America Between Two Worlds"** (Macmillan, $5) expresses the answer in somewhat different, if more realistic, terms. Similar in structure to Frederick Lewis Allen's fabulously successful "Only Yesterday," this new popular history gives us some startling clues why things are the way they are today. The diplomatic distractions of prewar America lived side by side with a few men who controlled large industry and were getting too high and mighty. Isolationism

(*Continued on page 67*)

*A variation on the old yarn about the reporter who was sent to cover a wedding but returned empty-handed, explaining to his editor that there was no story because the church burned down.

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A MAID NAMED HAZEL/A DUCK NAMED LUDWIG/A DOCTOR NAMED KILDARE/A COLLEGE COURSE

THIS IS NBC

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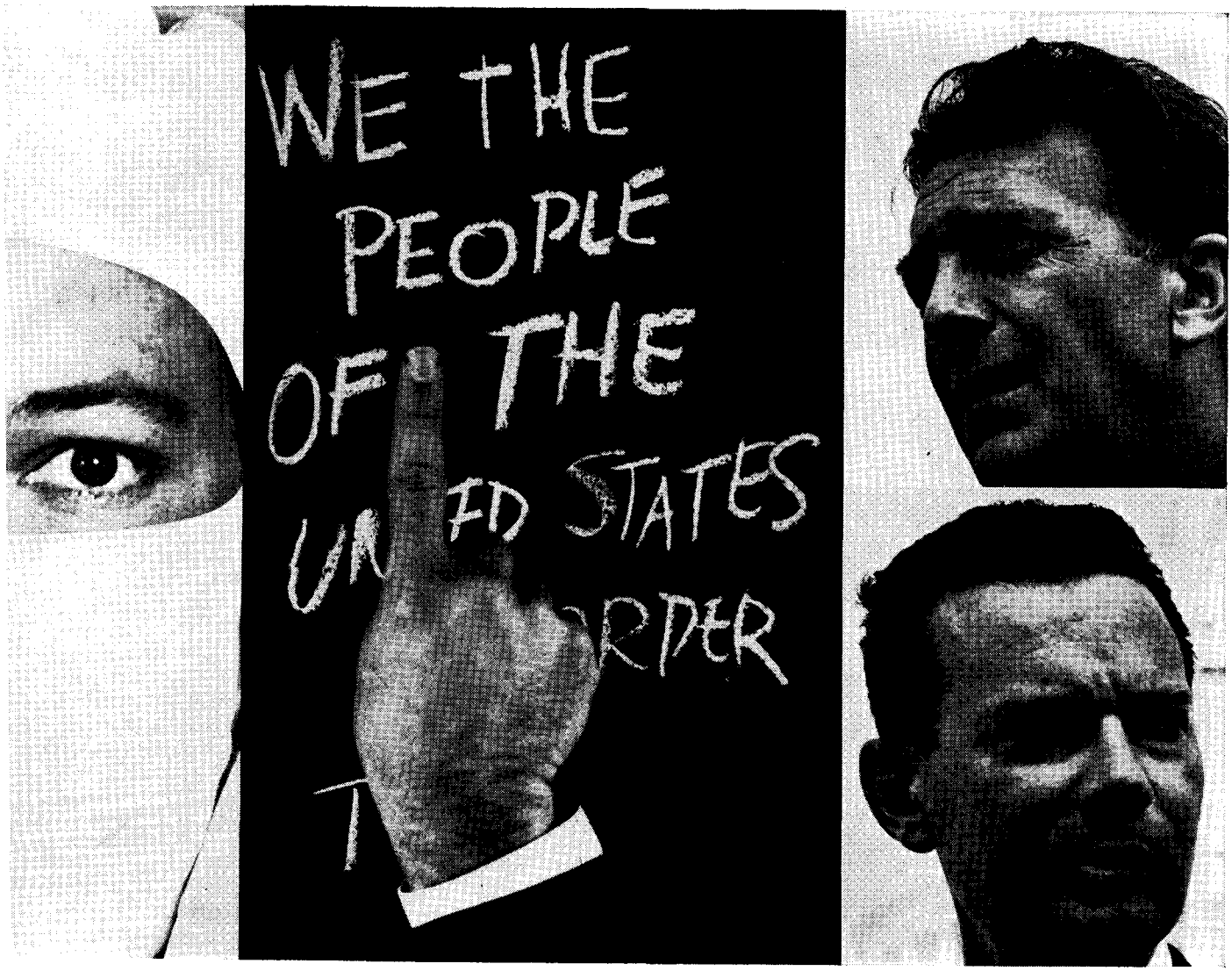
WHAT MAKES DEMOCRACY TICK/AND "GOODNIGHT DAVID" AND "GOODNIGHT CHET"



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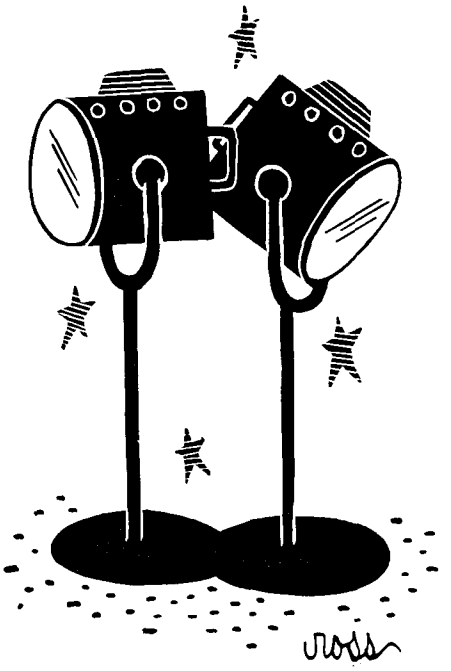
"WHAT YOU DON'T ASK IS MORE IMPORTANT . . ."

How to Interview on TV



By RED BARBER

WERE I to boil down thirty years' experience interviewing people in radio and TV to one word, I'd have to agree the Greeks have a word for it—*agape*—one of the most wonderful words man possesses. It means broadly "to have concern for."

Each of us does our work differently. Mine is a specialized field. I offer no criticisms; neither do I claim all the answers. I just wish to set down some notions I have, based upon a rather long experience.

There are two fundamentals: the philosophy, and the techniques. The first is singular, the second plural, and from the first the rest will follow. Experience brings the techniques.

Warren Giles, who was running the Cincinnati Reds in the late Thirties when I was broadcasting there, once said that if he were to select an announcer for just one game, he wasn't sure he'd pick me. But if he were to name a man for the entire season, he'd be certain I was the fellow. I've treasured his appraisal, for it sums up how I've tried to work. I've always considered my job to be a marathon rather than a sprint race.

This will be my ninth year at Yankee Stadium doing fifteen-minute TV interviews before each home game plus ten minutes afterwards. This means from three to five guests per day. Each Yankee player will be on several times a season, and last summer manager Ralph Houk was on six times. He rated it from every standpoint, for in addition to his ability and appearance, he was certainly the key spokesman for his ball club the first year he was the boss. Roger Maris simply booked himself again and again last September. The managers and the stars from the nine visiting teams were often repeat guests. In my field you're not doing one-shots. The climate must be so pleasant you can live with the entire league and, even more important, have the men wishing to do good shows, and wanting to be on again.

The word "guest" has by now become a key word. Every person who goes on with me is my guest. I appreciate his going on, that it takes something of his time, and very often gets in the way of his working routine.

Also, I well understand that the audience tunes in to see and hear the guests, not me. They want to see Howard and Skowron and Richardson, and hear what they say about their careers. They want Al Lopez to talk about his White Sox, Bob Scheffing about his Tigers. They want close-ups of Ted Williams, of Mickey Mantle, of Frank Lary. They want Whitey Ford and Louis Arroyo as a TV team. They want to hear from Roy Hamey why he has made thus-and-so a move for the Yankees. Paul Richards always speaks beautifully on any aspect of baseball. Jim Turner can provide a fascinating show on pitchers and on pitching. Yogi Berra has such humanity and humility. The fans in the bleachers bring forth the very pith of people. It was wonderful just to look at Casey Stengel, to say nothing of trying to follow his broken-field word-running.

FOR a variety of reasons, I want my guest to be at home. My medium is not his. It is up to me to put him, and to keep him, at ease. It is entirely my problem.

Jackie Farrell is my right hand at the Stadium. In the selection of guests for the dugout shows we meet two hours before the game to discuss whom we want for that day, never more ahead of time than that. Too many things happen overnight in this business. However, because of the physical requirements of TV, we do arrange days in advance such remote programs as going to the bleachers, to the press room, family day, etc.

Jackie always invites the guests, and for two reasons. First, he is very good at it; second, I think it is better for me not to make that early a contact. We don't want to make a production of it. I wander into the dugout ten to fifteen minutes before air time. The players are usually at work on the field. Should they come by, I merely say hello and how glad I am they are going to "prop me up" another time. They go their way. I rarely discuss with them what we are going to talk about. That is my problem. I've researched their careers, their home towns, what they've done recently. In fact, I am in the research business every day of the year, reading carefully the newspapers, *The Sporting News*, various magazines. I store these items in my head against an interview months away. In time I get to know the established players well, and I make it my job to find out about the new men as soon as possible. The more leisurely tempo at spring training camp is invaluable for increasing background data.

The season begins. The show is on the air. Your first guest is standing to one side or sitting on the bench behind you. You sign on, identify who will be with you, and execute the opening commercial. Then comes your first brush with *agape*. It is what you are *not* going to ask your guest. What you *don't* ask is more important than what you *do*. Ask a loaded question, a touchy personal question, and your interview is in serious trouble. I certainly wouldn't relish being caught in front of a sound camera facing a topic that is my private business. Why should I think one of my guests would be happy in such a predicament, or that he'd wish ever to be on the show again? Further, ball players have the best grapevine in civilization.

I WANT the player or the manager or the coach to be himself. Should a player just have taken infield practice, I encourage him to keep his towel and rub the sweat away as the interview progresses. I like the players to hold something in their hands—caps, gloves, or, for pitchers, the ball itself. I don't want them to be conscious of the camera. I don't look at the camera, I look at them. Then they look back at me. A human being likes to stick his toe into water that isn't cold. I always start with a pleasantry. Maybe the guest was written up in a column that day. I either refer to it or, better still,

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show it to him and the camera. Perhaps he recently pitched a whale of a game. Maybe he is leading the league in hitting, or in home runs. He may have broken up the game the night before. Any player in the big leagues has positive facets, or he wouldn't be there. My job is to single out one or two.

I not only want the guest to be at home, to know he is not going to be asked a wrong question, but also to *talk*—about himself, his team, the pennant race, how lively the ball is, how tough it is to earn a living as a pitcher, whether Mantle or Maris will both break Ruth's record, whether baseball is a good business for a young man, what managing is, how you throw a knuckleball.

I will have several questions in my mind. I believe it far better to have no notes, no papers in my hand. After we have "how-de-dood," just the same as if I'd met the fellow on the street, we get into the first topic. Then, as he talks, I listen to him, listen to what he is saying. That is why I have him there, for him to talk. As he talks he may well branch off into another area that is much more interesting that what I had thought about. So I go along with him. *Any* person can talk about what he knows, and about what he is interested in. I asked Willie Mays one night on an NBC interview that used to follow the fights if he spent much time in the batting cage. I asked him this as the first question, just to start things smoothly. All players, even pitchers, love to hit. They won't give their mothers a swing in batting practice. I counted on Mays smiling and allowing as how he certainly did, and that this would break the ice and get us going. Instead he replied to the effect that he hit well, so he didn't fool around the batting cage much, but spent his time working on what he didn't do "good." Well, we went on from there, for suddenly he had put his finger on one reason he is a star—he works on what, as he put it, "I don't do good." Let me say that I don't know today what Willie doesn't do very well, but that remark opened up a fine interview.

TODAY we have varied camera techniques, we have videotape, we have hand mikes and chest mikes, we have dugouts and we have studios, we have still pictures and motion pictures. But the fundamental ingredient is the guest *talking*. He is the show, and the interviewer must never forget it. Techniques are routine. Certain rules of thumb pertain: never ask a pitcher who is starting the game to be your guest that day; one, he is warming up and should be left alone, and two, you don't want it on his mind or yours that he has a TV routine after the game. And further, suppose he gets knocked out in the third inning? Don't ask managers—unless you know them very, very well—to go on after a game—something drastic may happen in the ninth inning. Ask them for before the game, when they have time, and when they don't know how the day will turn out. The manager is always a pre-game optimist. Don't have a player on when he should be taking infield or outfield—instead, visit with a pitcher who is not to start, or a coach, until the regular can come in on his accustomed schedule. This is merely respect for, or concern for, a working man's problems.

THERE are proper exceptions about pre-game show preparation. When Cardinal Spellman came to the Stadium to present a plaque to Mantle, His Eminence wished to see me well ahead of the show, and to know what he was to be asked to do and say. Several years ago former President Hoover was an Old Timers' Day Honor Guest. He requested I come see him at his apartment the day before. Certain shows, because of lighting and camera angles—such as the umpires dressing room, the trainer's room with its equipment—require a walk-through with the TV director, Jack Murphy, so we all know where we can go, where we can't go, and when to move.

The case of the young player you know little or nothing about is not too tough. Find out on the air what you do not know and wish to know—where he's from, how he got started in baseball, where he has played. Listen to him as he talks and you'll know whether to go on further with him, or thank him and turn to the next guest. In the case of the player you know who simply can't talk too freely, put him on with a player he likes so he doesn't have to carry the full load.

Once a person has agreed to be interviewed, the rest of the job belongs to the interviewer—his the researching, his the generating of confidence that all will go well and smoothly, his the listening to his guest, his the leading of the way, his the concern for his guest . . . *agape*.

"It's from you, sir."

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WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE PULPS?

By Richard Hill Wilkinson

BACK in 1930 there were on the newsstands thirty-two magazines whose pages were devoted exclusively to Western fiction and Western lore. There were twenty-nine devoted exclusively to detective and mystery yarns. Then came the love and romance magazines, more than twenty of them. Beyond that were the war stories, adventure stories, Northwest stories, sex stories, weird stories, aviation stories, sport stories, sea stories, and general stories.

These were the pulps—so called because the paper on which they were printed was made from wood pulp—and they numbered in the hundreds. Hack writers all over America had a field day. The pulps paid, as a rule, a penny a word. A prolific writer who knew his business, and was willing to work, could grind out from five to ten thousand words a week without overmuch sweat. And he had the satisfaction of knowing that his audience included Presidents, Supreme Court justices, world-renowned surgeons, famous people in every profession, as well as the millions of unknown, but loyal, readers.

It was a living and, in those days, a good one. But more important than that, the pulp writer had something he treasured more than a lucrative desk job. He had independence, freedom of movement. He could go anywhere, live anywhere. The only requirement was that he bring along his typewriter and pound away at it at least six hours a day. Some, such as H. Bedford Jones and Erle Stanley Gardner, both of whose writing careers began in the pulps, worked longer hours. They had to because of the vast amount of material they turned out. Both were using a bunch of pen names, as were most of us who depended entirely on the pulp market for a living.

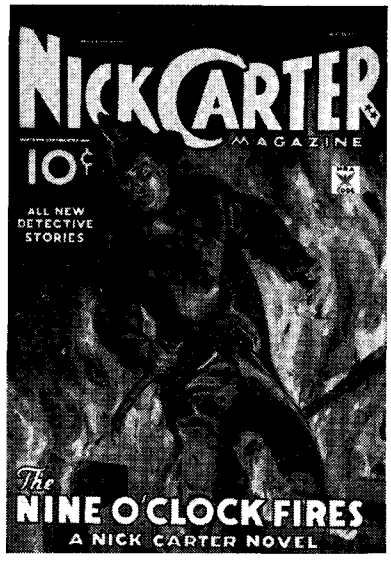
I had three pet names I used besides my own. They were R. R. Meredith, Thomas Christie, and Richard Fales. During the Second World War, however, I adopted the name of Lieutenant Harlan Hayford. Somehow it sounded more patriotic. And then occasionally I used the name Faith Prentice. This was for the sexy magazines.

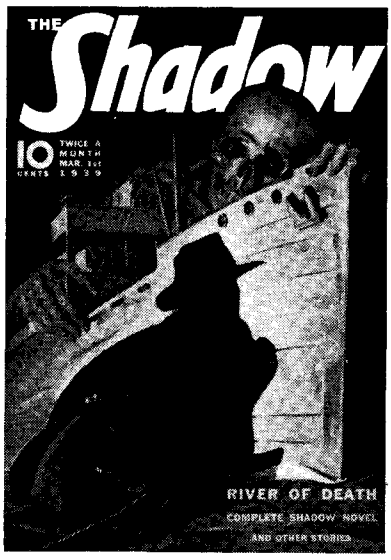
FOR the most part I struck to Westerns and mysteries. For a period of two years my own name and that of R. R. Meredith appeared every month on the cover of a Western magazine. In most cases I had written both the serial and the complete novelette.

The careers of many, many writers who later became well known as slick paper writers and best-selling novelists began in the pulps. Among them, besides Jones and Gardner, were the late Ben Ames Williams, E. Waldo Long, Alan Bosworth, Hal G. Evarts, Walt Coburn, Max Brand, and Luke Short. Short, I always felt, was one of the finest writers of the time. As far as I know, he stuck entirely to Westerns. He was a master at creating suspense, building a character, bringing to life a scene or situation so you could feel it and taste it and smell it. His words flowed. For my money he captured the flavor of the old West better than any other writer save, perhaps, the old master Zane Grey.

MOST of the pulp writers were men, although there were exceptions. An agent in New York named Robert Thomas Hardy decided to get aboard the pulp wagon, and published a magazine he named Zest. A bunch of us who lived within an easy train ride of the big city went down to see him with the idea of getting some inkling of his format so we could adapt our material to it without experiencing the formalities of a few rejection slips.

When I arrived in Hardy's office a young girl was ahead of me. She was slight and dark-haired and vivacious. Hardy introduced her as Viña Delmar. She was then a pulp writer and was





—*Courtesy of the Conde Nast Publications Inc.*

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turning out as much material as most of the male writers.

There was one thing about the pulps that I always liked. A man didn't have to do a lot of research. Neither the editors nor the readers worried much about accuracy as to facts, locations, or periods in which the story happened. If it was good entertainment that's all that mattered. A six-gun presumably contained six bullets only. It was usually a Colt. If a character sometimes fired seven or eight times without reloading, who cared?

One pulp writer had the infamous "Doc" Holliday performing an emergency appendectomy on a pool table in a Western saloon. Neither the writer, nor the magazine editor, nor the motion picture producer who brought the story to the screen seemed to be at all bothered by the fact that Doc was a dentist.

Most of the Westerns I wrote were laid in the Southwest. This was for a personal reason. Having been born and raised in New England I didn't like snow, and I understood—though I never checked it—that down there in the Southwest it never snowed. The states I referred to for the most part were Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico.

A great deal of my "research" was done in movie theatres, sitting relaxed and comfortable while watching Western dramas. I also had a picture postcard, sent to me by a friend who was taking an automobile tour of the Southwest, on which was portrayed every type of cactus to be found in Arizona. I pinned this up on the wall above my desk and whenever I wanted to throw my weight around I'd have my hero camp near a sahuaro or a Spanish bayonet, or maybe even an ocotillo.

I had sold more than seventy-five Westerns before my wife and I decided to drive out that way and see what the West was like. Neither of us had ever been west of the Hudson River; we had never ridden a horse or fired a gun.

I was happily surprised to discover that the West was pretty much as I had imagined it and written about it. We did get a couple of shockers, though. The first came in Texas when we saw a mountain called, I think, El Capitan. El Capitan was, to our eyes, completely denuded. It saddened us. It must have been a real humdinger of a fire, we agreed, to have burned a whole mountain. We who had lived in New England all our lives couldn't imagine a mountain that wasn't heavily timbered. We learned later, of course, that practically all the mountains in the Southwest looked as though they were cut out of cardboard.

The second shocker came when we reached the Diamond C, a ranch located in Elgin, about seventy-five miles south of Tucson, where we planned to spend the winter. Although the Diamond C was listed as a dude ranch, it was also a working ranch, which is why we chose it. The outfit ran about 500 head of Herefords on fenced rangeland. When I was first shown the herd I couldn't believe my eyes. These cattle were a reddish brown in color and had white faces. Up to that moment I had believed that Herefords were black!

Most of us pulp writers adhered to a formula. It started with a so-called Narrative Hook, which went something like this:

> Jim Labaree put his shoulder against a post on the veranda outside the Blue Chip Saloon and casually rolled a cigarette. Through slitted lids his ice blue eyes studied the bank across the street. The best time, he thought, as he flicked a match into flame with his thumbnail, for a holdup would be around noon.

The trick here was to capture the reader's interest by posing questions the answers to which he would have to continue reading to find. For example, the reader's subconscious mind, if not his conscious, has already asked: Is Jim Labaree the hero of this story? If so, why's he thinking about robbing the bank? Bank robbing is for villains. But maybe he isn't thinking about robbing the bank. Maybe he's the sheriff and has been tipped off that a gang is going to do the robbing.

Also, the mere fact that a bank holdup had been mentioned promised action, and action was the lifeblood of any pulp Western.

ANOTHER device most of us used to keep our readers tensed up and sweating was the Black Moment. A Black Moment came in a story at that point when it appeared to the reader that the hero had everything under control, when it seemed that he could not fail in achieving his desire, whatever it may be. Then something unforeseen would happen that would completely reverse the picture. The reader would get the idea that the hero didn't have a snowball's chance in hell of succeeding in his endeavor.

For example, consider the plight of our hero, Tex. Tex has been paid a sum of money by some responsible men in the cow town of Latigo to get rid of an unsavory character named Bull. Bull is a stinker from way back. He's fast with a gun. There are so many notches on his gun handle that it feels like the bark of a live oak. He's the known leader of a gang of rustlers. He's insulted at one time or another practically every woman in town. He's a bully and a braggart. Twice he and his cohorts have "treed" the town. Oh, he's a bad one all right.

Tex lets the word get around that he'll meet Bull in a fair fight. Tex is our hero and there must be no shenanigans about this. It must be a fair fight.

The time is set for noon on the following day. (High noon, naturally.) It'll be a dead man's walk type of affair. (It always is.) One man will start at one end of the street, the other at the other. They'll walk slowly toward each other until they feel they're within killing range. Then they'll start blasting away.

Now, Tex is the "fastest gun in the West." The reader knows this because the author has already told him so, and that's good enough for any reader. It's a lead pipe cinch that Bull is about to get his comeuppance, so let's get on with it.

But wait! Something unforeseen suddenly happens. Tex, in trying to rescue a child from the path of a runaway horse, sprains his trigger finger. Wow! This is bad. Even the fastest gun in the West can't do much with a sprained trigger finger. And the reader knows that Tex won't call the fight off. Western heros weren't built that way.

So now the reader begins to sweat again, because suddenly there's doubt about the outcome of this all-important fight. Doubt means suspense and suspense means added reader interest.

However, it's possible that the writer has painted himself into a corner. Many and many a time I've gone out and mowed the lawn while trying to figure some way to get my hero out of the jam in which I'd placed him. There was one thing of which I was always sure. If I couldn't see the answer at the moment, the reader wouldn't be able to either, hence I'd still have him on the hook.

The answer to the dilemma didn't always came easy. The hero had to solve the problem himself, employing only his own ability, skill, intelligence, physical prowess, or what have you. It wasn't considered cricket to have the problem solved by the introduction of some outside force, such as an act of God, or the arrival on the scene of a troop of United States Cavalry (unless of course the hero, at great risks, had gotten through enemy lines to bring them). The hero had to save the day himself.

The pulps, bless 'em! They're gone now, but where have they gone and why did they go? They came into full flower in the 1920s. They thrived at

(*Continued on page 67*)

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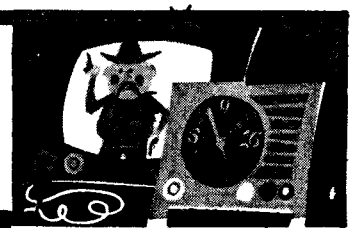
Audio/Video



The Law and Television in Washtenaw County

By Robert Lewis Shayon

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.

THERE'S a live television camera in the Washtenaw County Circuit Court and the judge, the lawyers, and the professors of law are pleased as punch about it. This is news because the celebrated Canon 35 of the Canons of Judicial Ethics of the American Bar Association resists with stern disfavor the efforts of broadcasters to get their electronic eyes and ears into America's courtrooms to pick up trial proceedings for the entertainment of audiences. Here and there individualist justices in local courts may break the code, but violations of Canon 35 are rare, and the legal profession is virtually united in its opposition to television in the courtroom. Lawyers and judges fear that the delicate balance of a case may be upset by intrusive apparatus and mistrials result; that influence reflecting back from the outside circle of television audiences may exert pressures on internal courtroom justice; and that under such conditions the rights of privacy of litigants may be invaded. The difference in Ann Arbor is that the television camera in the Washtenaw courthouse is piped, via closed-circuit cable, to an "adjunct courtroom" in the University of Michigan Law School "for the sole purpose of providing an audio-visual aid in legal education."

Judge James R. Breakey, Jr., cooperated with the University of Michigan Law School and its Television Center precisely because the innovation is not "broadcasting" in the conventional sense. Local Court Rule 19, which was drafted to govern the use of the adjunct courtroom, states that the electronic transmission "is permitted under the exclusive direction and control of the Circuit Judge . . . to be used only by the faculty . . . for instruction of students . . . and for demonstration of the techniques . . . to invited guests." Not even wives may enter the classroom with the television monitors, chairs, and a control panel on the second floor of Hutchins Hall in the spacious Gothic complex of the W. W. Cook Law Quadrangle. The rule prohibits the reproduction of the trials, motions, and pleas transmitted from the busy Washtenaw County Court; and no video-taping is involved. Many a lawyer would welcome the future sophisticated development of judicial closed-circuitry which would provide an audio-visual record of a complete trial. Such tapes of trials could be very useful in Appellate and Supreme Court review not only to assure complete accuracy but also to illuminate the credibility of witnesses and their demeanor on the stand. Judicial review is still the prisoner of the printed record, and that record can be highly selective and mute on matters of great moment and delicacy in the search for justice.

University of Michigan law students watching trial on TV.

John C. Satterfield, president of the American Bar Association, who spoke at the recent dedication of the adjunct courtroom, reflected the legal profession's approbation when he described the device as a return to an early emphasis, in the training of lawyers, on the practical experience of the law in actual courts. English law apprentices 200 years ago lived in the Inns of Court at Westminster and were taught by practicing lawyers. Colonial America knew no formal law schools. Later, an aspiring lawyer "read law" in the office of a practicing attorney, or studied alone. Law schools developed when the nation grew, industry and finance flourished, and legal problems required a more rigorous intellectual training in substantive law. The case method developed, in which students studied condensed appellate trial records. The criticism that gave rise to it was that students needed more theory. Now the pressure is to get legal education back again to the practical. Many a lawyer never sees the inside of a courtroom until he tries his first case. Many a client pays in inadequate representation while his advocate learns the courtroom ropes. It's the familiar pedagogical split between method and content—*what* you teach and *how* to teach it. Enterprising law schools are experimenting with a number of techniques to achieve an effective balance. The moot trial method enables students to try cases in class. Legal aid clinics permit them to meet real clients. Some law firms cooperate in internships, but the attorneys seldom have sufficient time to teach their internes. The University of Chicago has built a campus courtroom in which Illinois courts try actual cases at the law school. Michigan has pioneered the television adjunct classroom. The university at Ann Arbor is one of the most energetic institutions

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of higher education in integrating broadcasting with university resources. The Television Center, under Professor Garnet R. Garrison, Director of Broadcasting, has twenty TV cameras on campus for instruction and research and is planning more.

The camera in the Washtenaw County Court is at ceiling height at a rear corner. It's a small Vidicon in an unobtrusive box that matches the wall paneling. Witnesses aren't told it's on. Transmission, by telephone cable to the law school, is on all day. Students or professors in the viewing room may turn the monitors on or off at will. By remote control they can pan right, left, and zoom in for closer shots but no tight close-ups. A close-up lens may come later and would be both dramatic and useful. There are people in trouble in that court; and their facial expressions under stress, caught with full impact, would remind the law students that the daily grind of justice is a matter of some solemnity and human empathy. No special lights are required and only one microphone has been added for closed-circuit purposes. If Judge Breakey should decide to clear the actual courtroom, a flip of the switch by the bailiff would also cut the electronic transmission to the college. The whole arrangement has been made possible by the fact that the court building is new, and the TV circuit was included in the construction. Professor Charles W. Joiner, associate dean of the Michigan Law School, proposed the television link three years ago—but adapting the old courtroom was too expensive a matter for academic budgets. Lighting was poor; it would have been necessary to install an image-orthicon camera, which would have required a courtroom operator and a fairly large observation booth. The intrusion would have been apparent and would no doubt have interfered with the deliberative atmosphere of the chamber.

Glass walls, through which observers might view, as in a medical operating theatre, have also failed to qualify in past considerations of bringing students to courtrooms. Anyhow, to visit courtrooms is often too difficult a chore for law students. Travel to and from courts takes too much time. To have the courtroom available in uninterrupted transmission in school is the neat solution. Students can watch a cross-section of the cases in the county court's general jurisdiction—from petty embezzlement to murder, from simple claims to serious torts, from divorce matters to violations of parole. They can comment, immediately and freely ask questions of faculty viewers, and by remote control change the camera's angle in the

court. I talked with two juniors and a freshman after they had watched the first telecast sessions. None had ever been in a courtroom. They were impressed with the opportunities afforded for learning. They discovered the difficulty lawyers have in finding the facts in a case, even from their own clients; whereas the facts are already given in the cut-and-dried appellate records they study in the case method.

They realized that many a time a judge turns a case over to the lawyers to negotiate and they must know how to settle an issue themselves. They could see how a "good benchside manner" could be developed by watching able judges and lawyers in action. How to behave to a jury, how *not* to handle a hostile witness, how to avoid bringing out evidence *against* your own client—they could look forward to learning these and other "hows" to bring alive their study of substantive law. "Who is that?" asked one student, pointing to a woman in an equity hearing, and learned for the first time of the *amicus curiae* adjunct in a child custody dispute. In a choice between law schools, one student remarked that, other things being equal, he'd choose the school that had a closed-circuit television system.

ALREADY Wayne University in Detroit has inquired about the possibility of running a TV cable from the Ann Arbor court to its own campus. Now that Michigan has shown the way, it's hard to believe other law schools won't follow. The whole system cost only $10,000 to install; and $400 a month is the telephone company line charge. The money came from alumni and friends of the Law School on the school's 100th birthday observance. The first trial-run period at Ann Arbor will be three years. There's the difficult matter of testing in any satisfactory way the long-range effectiveness of the adjunct TV courtroom. You could isolate a control group that was not exposed to it for its entire law course and measure this group's performance against the TV group. The question is: performance in what? What constitutes success in law—fees earned, cases won, or service to society? Professional law teachers have always worried about the adequacy of their test devices. Aptitude tests, grades, and essays seem able to predict a percentage of those who will fail, but they're not as effective in predicting students who succeed. The Michigan experiment may eventually lead to a re-examination of Canon 35. It has proved that TV transmission need not disturb a court and turn it into a Roman holiday. Lawyers will argue that its extension to the public, under proper and adequate safeguards, is in the great liberal tradition of public scrutiny which guards against the star chamber. Some maintain, off the record, that litigants have no privacy.

For the present, Professor Joiner, who fathered the adjunct courtroom in Michigan, is surprised as well as pleased by a revelation he didn't anticipate. He thinks the device is not only useful for teaching techniques but that the university and the Washtenaw court have hit on a way to make more responsible lawyers. "I changed my concept when I started watching it myself," he said. "I realized that here was a way for students to get inside people and to recognize the patience and tolerance necessary for the smooth running of our courts. I watched for three hours and I began to appreciate anew our adversary system of law. Lawyers arguing against each other but working with the judge to find solutions to the problems of their clients. That's damned important to people."

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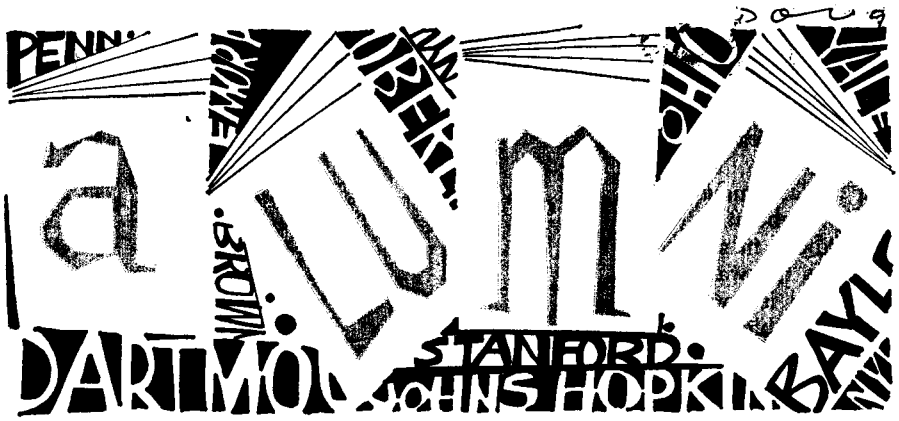

The New Look in Alumni Magazines

By JOHN TEBBEL

OLD GRADS whose lingering point of contact with the Old School is the alumni magazine may have noticed that a startling change has come over this venerable institution. In the past ten years these links between town and gown have been transformed from parochial, stereotyped publications to slick, handsome products that bear comparison with the best of the commercial magazines.

The change was a long time coming. Exactly how long centers on a historical dispute about when the first alumni publication appeared. Probably it was *The Post-Graduate and Wooster Quarterly* (now the *Wooster Alumni Bulletin*) published by the college of that name in Wooster, Ohio. Appearing in October, 1899, it addressed itself to the school's alumni and offered them theses from the postgraduate department, along with class notes and an "Editorial Chair" department.

Yale men dispute Wooster's "first." They argue that the *Yale Alumni Weekly,* appearing in September, 1891, as the weekly edition of the *Yale Daily News,* established in its first issue the general pattern of American alumni magazines as they exist today. That format included news of the campus and university on page one; editorials and general comment on page two; sports, a Yale log and a graduate obituary record on page three; concluding on page four with the usual alumni notes and whatever short news stories were needed to fill the space.

Whether Wooster or Yale, the pattern established just before the turn of the century persisted without radical changes until only ten years ago, largely because, for a time, the idea of the alumni publication was slow to catch on. Only 5 per cent of American colleges had them before 1900, and no more than 25 per cent by 1920. In the next two decades, however, the figure climbed sharply to 75 per cent and undoubtedly is somewhere beyond 90 per cent today.

Three factors have combined to create the new kind of alumni magazine which has developed in the past decade. Foremost, perhaps, has been a growing realization by college and university administrations that such publications can be an extremely valuable means of forging those closer ties which may result in increased alumni giving, a prime factor to be considered in these days of mounting financial distress in higher education. Alumni generosity is the difference between solvency and disaster in many an institution, and all depend on it at least to some extent.

The proven value of alumni magazines is suggested by the magnitude of the budgets provided to keep them in business. Some of the bigger Middle Western universities spend in the neighborhood of six figures annually to bring news of the campus to graduates, and even as small a college as Oberlin College in Ohio (2,414 students) is currently spending nearly $40,000 a year to prepare a handsome, glossy-paper magazine and send it, gratis, to more than 22,000 alumni and parents of present students.

Another factor is the growth of a professional body of editors and writers who have brought to alumni publications a good deal of the enthusiasm and dedication which the good teacher brings to his job. Some even put out weekly football reports to their alumni —on their own time and separate from the alumni magazine. Like the teachers, they are usually underpaid and operate on impossibly small budgets; unlike the faculty, they do not enjoy the prerequisites of professional rank and whatever status it bestows.

Nevertheless these people, drawn from the newspaper and public relations businesses for the most part, not only turn out a professional product on university time, but on their own time they have banded together to form a national organization designed to make the product even better.

They were started on their way to better things by one man, who constitutes the third factor in the transformation of alumni magazines. The man is Corbin Gwaltney, who went into a respectable rage one day in 1949 after reading the publication of his alma mater, Johns Hopkins University. Gwaltney, then in labor relations work for General Electric, found the magazine in his mail that day a stultifying copy of nearly all the others—poorly laid out, dull in content, calculated to produce little more than boredom in the most loyal alumnus.

Sitting down while the fit was on him, he expressed his discontent in a letter to the university. The answer was the classic reply, saying in effect: "If you think you can make a better one, why don't you come down here and do it?" Gwaltney discovered the university meant it and accepted the challenge. The result was the beginning of a revolution in alumni publications.

In no time, the Johns Hopkins magazine was a radically different organ. One of Gwaltney's innovations was to devote whole issues to a single topic, and some of them were spectacular. Particularly celebrated was an issue devoted to the life of Woodrow Wilson, until his entrance into politics. In eleven

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years, the magazine won four national awards. The last of these was achieved by Gwaltney's successor.

After this initial impetus, other able editors began to develop their own ideas and to produce outstanding magazines and newspapers. They traded notions at conventions of the American Alumni Council, a national organization composed of alumni secretaries, fund raisers, and magazine editors. At one of these affairs, about five years ago, a group of the more enthusiastic editors laid the groundwork that led to the formation of Editorial Projects for Education.

This unique nonprofit organization, operating within the framework of the American Alumni Council, is entirely voluntary. Its twenty-three members represent colleges and universities from every quarter of the nation, from the giant universities like Stanford, California, Ohio State, Pennsylvania, and NYU, to smaller institutions like Swarthmore, Emory, and Sweet Briar. Brown, Dartmouth, and Yale are there from the ivied East, along with far-flung Baylor and Oklahoma. The president is Verne Stadtman, of California.

Editorial Projects has developed a once-a-year slick paper insert, available to any alumni magazine desiring it. About 250 of the nation's 450 magazines are using it. It is published in three standard magazine sizes, but the forty alumni newspapers and a scattering of newsletters that comprise the remainder of alumni publications cannot carry it because the insert comes folded and unstapled, ready to be bound into a magazine. Concentrating on the magazines, these inserts have already reach an audience of 2,900,000 for a single issue.

Gwaltney resigned from Johns Hopkins to be executive editor of the organization, and performs this function from an office in Baltimore. The twenty-three members of the board act as committees to carry out various phases of the operation. All of them contribute ideas, and there is a heavy flow of correspondence and telephone conversation. The editorial work is a group product, and all of it is voluntary, piled on the normally frantic full-time jobs of the members.

The inserts are smartly edited and handsomely presented, reflecting the high professional tone of the new alumni magazines. The forthcoming April issue put together by Editorial Projects is devoted to a single topic, "The College of Tomorrow." Forthright, well-written, informed articles, aimed at alumni parents, discuss and answer such pertinent questions as, "Where will your children go to college?" "What will they find in college?" "Who will teach them?" "Will they graduate?" "What will college have done for them?" "Who will pay—and how?"

Another product of Editorial Projects, widely popular, is the development and syndication of articles by noted authorities in various fields. Recent and unusual pieces have been done by Bertrand Russell, Margaret Mead, and Arnold Toynbee. One member of EPE volunteers as chairman of a syndicate committee to develop each article. About three a year have been produced thus far, for which alumni magazines and newspapers pay $15 per article. They are distributed through a subsidiary organization known as Moonshooter Syndicate, which has its headquarters in the American Alumni Council's office in Washington, D.C. By splitting the cost of the articles among its clients, the syndicate can afford to pay its distinguished authors as much as they would get from high-budget commercial magazines.

The most recent of these articles—Toynbee's "Has America Neglected Her Creative Minority?"—produced a flood of mail in the offices of the magazines using it, as did the previous pieces.

Virtually all EPE members are also involved with the Council's editorial program, which includes running workshops for editors and staff members of alumni publications, in a continuing effort to raise the general level, and dispensing annual awards for the outstanding newspapers and magazines of the year. Charles Helmken, who is also a member of EPE, is in charge of this program.

Still more EPE productions are in prospect. One is a foreign alumni newsletter, or supplement, designed to keep alumni living abroad abreast of developments in American higher education.

But the most ambitious and important idea Editorial Projects for Education has on its mind is the possible publication next year of a new slick-paper quarterly magazine, directed to alumni and alumnae, devoted to the problems and the promise of higher education in the United States. A pilot issue, produced with the help of a grant from the Carnegie Corporation, is a highly provocative, beautifully produced magazine, with dramatic illustrations and unhackneyed layouts. It illuminates nearly a dozen aspects of higher education. Among the subjects on display: the plight of small colleges, confronted by the giantism of the "monster universities"; the wave of the future as seen in California education; a layman's look at the new, young science of biochemistry; a corporation president's view of the kind of people industry really needs from the universities; the growing crisis in the medical schools; and the beginning of a biographical series on great scholars.

Like so many other needed and worthwhile projects in higher education, the new magazine will never be published unless some way is found to finance it—possibly with foundation help, or the concerted, collective action of generous alumni. Intelligent dreaming and dedicated hard work have carried alumni magazines a long way and given them a new purpose as well as a new look. Their future may well be in the hands of alumni readers who believe in what these publications aspire to do.

"Listen to this, Harper, he drank from the elixir of life and was granted immortality."

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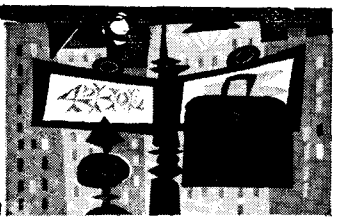
Madison Avenue



John Crichton of the AAAA

AT A time when many of the leaders of the largest advertising agencies have proclaimed their fears of restrictive legislation and their concern with the clamor against advertising, the new chief executive officer of the largest trade association in advertising falls completely outside the stereotype of the advertising man.

John Crichton, president-elect of the American Association of Advertising Agencies, the organization that represents 340 advertising agencies handling 75 per cent of the national advertising volume, never worked in an advertising agency. His working career has been almost entirely in advertising journalism. He is thoughtful, quiet, doesn't push, and, if the term "intellectual" is used in its dictionary sense, is most certainly an intellectual. He has nothing of the gray flannel mind about him.

Mr. Crichton, who is forty-two, joined the AAAA in mid-January and will take office in May. His selection is the result of a three-and-a-half-year search for the right man to succeed Frederic R. Gamble, who is about to retire after thirty-three years with the organization, which was founded in 1917.

A former editor of *Advertising Age*, Mr. Crichton never went to an Ivy League college, but is a graduate in journalism, with a major in advertising, of the University of Missouri. He is reasonable in his approach, likes to take the long-term view, and, as the chief executant of the policies laid down by the Board of Directors of AAAA, is bound to be an important influence on the public attitude toward advertising and the advertising man's reaction to it.

Except for his service in World War II (as a Navy supply officer on a seaplane tender in the Pacific), he has labored virtually his whole working life in no other field but journalism, nor has he had any desire to move from his study of advertising. As a good editor, he is thoroughly familiar with most of the basic problems of advertising. His commentary on the advertising scene has for many years had the respect of the people in the industry.

Mr. Crichton is rugged in features, tall, and careful in expression, and he has a detestation of the cliché and the gimmick. To him, violent criticism of advertising is nothing new, for it has been turned on and off in many periods. The current attacks on advertising seem to him similar to what took place in the early 1940s. He is certain advertising has improved in quality, taste, reliability, and presentation since that period. He is therefore concerned but not alarmed at the present attacks on the business. He fully understands its value to the health of the nation's economy.

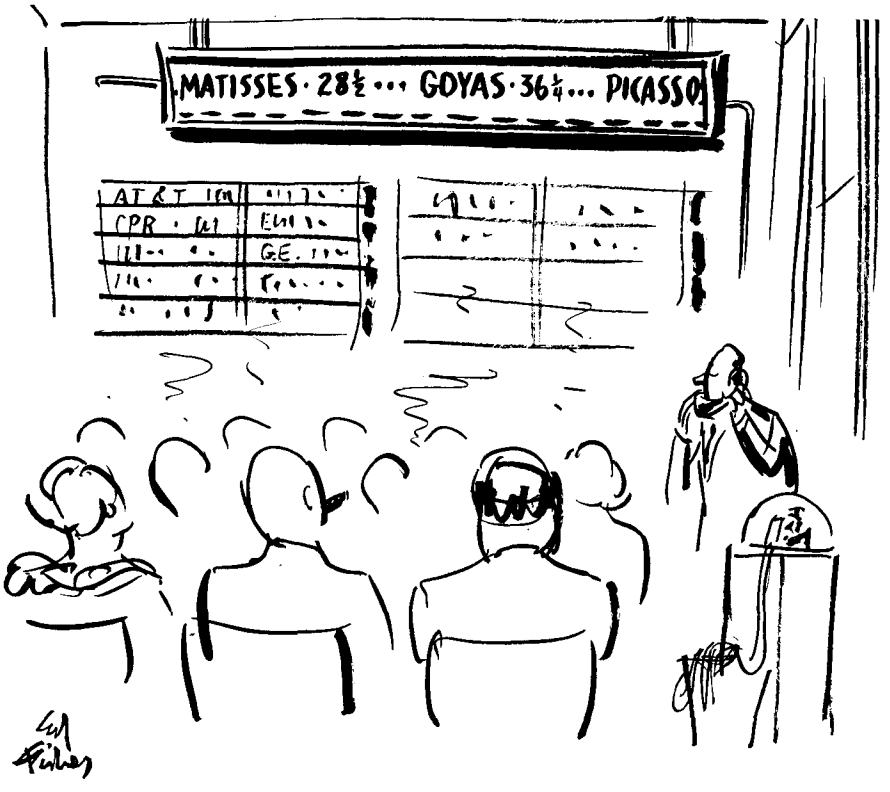
His outside interests are bound to have an effect on his administration. A close student of de Tocqueville, and particularly his "Democracy in America," he is certain that advertising and the development of a democratic society are interrelated, the former as the stimulant of the latter. In fact, he often quotes the liberal French politician to illustrate his points. Mr. Crichton relaxes as a regular concertgoer. His favorite composer is Mozart; Bartok and Bloch are next in preference. He doesn't carry his interests as a plume on his cap, but they are in keeping with his general approach to life.

AS to the specifics of Mr. Crichton's views of the policies of AAAA, what they might be or should be, he prefers not to talk about them until his orientation period in the new job is over. His superiors have given him four months to learn his organization and to study its problems. However, his general ideas can be gauged from the following.

ON THE BASIC PROBLEM OF ADVERTISING: "In my opinion the major problem in the advertising business is what it has always been: to make advertising efficient as a producer of sales and profits. But efficient advertising that produces sales and profits isn't the whole answer. We are supposed to be devoted to maintaining and safeguarding 'honesty, fairness, and good taste' in advertising. We are going to do all in our power to see that advertising is efficient, and that its responsibility is maintained and augmented. Ethical reasons are compelling; so is another factor—if advertising were to lose believability, its whole impact would be sharply lessened, and this would amount to an invisible and intangible cost which no thinking advertising man would countenance."

ON THE REGULATION OF ADVERTISING: "We are obligated to advance the cause of advertising as a whole, and it is inconceivable to me that you can advance and improve advertising without scrutiny of content and encouragement of self-regulation."

John Crichton's actions after he takes over as chief executive officer of AAAA will be watched carefully by advertising people. But, what is more, critics of advertising will be watching him even more closely. —L. L. L. GOLDEN.



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Communications Books

Continued from page 55

seemed more natural in this setting than smoldering anger over a child-woman working fourteen hours a day in a cannery for $4.53 a week (she was charged for repairs on her machinery and 10¢ a day for ice water in summertime). Most valuable and readable are documented pages of man's inhumanity in these "good old days." Nostalgia on one hand recalls the hour of the beery bandstand, the horse trough, Sousa's marches, trimming the wick on the kerosene lamp, white duck pants, the squeak of sleigh runners, and Chautauqua. Reality on the other reports Germany increasing her standing army to 1,000,000, forty-five officially recognized lynchings and heaven knows how many unreported race murders, men's suits costing $10 but a clerk's wages being $15 a week, and thousands of tubercular children grinding out their dreadful lives in the garment district for less than $4 per fifty-hour week.

It's quite a book, well worth your while. If, as for me, recent history has certain journalistic attraction, "1913" ought to take you through a fascinating, if sobering, journey back almost fifty years. —R.L.T.

RARA AVIS: A funny thing happens to newspaper columnists on their way into book covers. Whatever it is that makes them superb and supreme in their own backyards disappears, or at least diminishes, leaving them in the position of a good story that has been told once too often.

In the case of Bill Vaughan's **"Bird Thou Never Wert"** (Simon and Schuster, $3.95), the phenomenon couldn't have happened to a nicer guy. The world and American newspapers badly need the kind of warm, offbeat humor Vaughan injects into "Starbeams," the humor column that has appeared on the editorial page of the Kansas City *Star* since 1880. Vaughan is the column's current proprietor, the top writing job on a newspaper he has served for twenty years. His editorial paragraphs, barbed comments on the news, are syndicated to more than 100 other newspapers.

It is hard to fault any single piece in this collection of 124 Vaughan articles. As the jacket copy truly says, it is humor "refreshingly different from the sick, sick, sick variety." Yet it is not the cornball, unsophisticated, and often plain unintelligent kind that grows in profusion on so many editorial pages, and in other columnar efforts. Vaughan is sharp and witty, knowledgeable and unimpressed by a good deal of what passes for cerebration in this contentious country. His publisher compares him with Will Rogers, but times have changed, and in the fertile hunting grounds of politics it is doubtful that Rogers would have, or could have, produced the kind of humor that flourishes in a piece like the case for the National Flower and the State Insect, or the one that tells you what to ask at a Washington press conference when you don't know the answers.

Vaughan's range is wide, and always uninhibited. He talks about "breast of rhetoric under glass," by which he means the prose style of hotel managements. He tells us how a family can save $80 a year (and spend three times as much as it saves). He is splendid on the deductible lunch, "the great separation of caste from class." As a sponsor of causes, he advocates a trip around the world by submarine, "84 days of glorious relaxing monotony." He takes a hard view of nature, writing of a tree that is a slob ("it hates him and he hates it back, Joyce Kilmer notwithstanding"). He even fails of a proper respect for the new god, Science, in a chapter about "The Challenge of the Future," whose subtitle is, "We're going to end up with a lot of awfully old rats."

It is easy to believe that, taken in daily doses, this kind of thing could well earn Bill Vaughan his formidable reputation as a newspaper columnist, as well as the salary reputed to make him one of the highest-paid working newspapermen. But taken together and laid cheek-by-jowl between covers, no matter how admirable the physical layout (and it is admirable), something is lost and occasionally, in spite of its real virtues, the effect is soporific, like too much brandy, or candy, or cigarettes, or whatever other surfeit amuses you.

"Bird Thou Never Wert" is great for short flights, but on the long haul it flutters uncertainly. For that reason alone, it may be the best bathroom reading of the year. —JOHN TEBBEL.

Pulps

Continued from page 61

their peak during the 1930s. They began to vanish in the 1940s. By the middle of the 1950s it would take a discerning eye to find one on the largest of the newsstands.

What happened? Experts have advanced reasons and explanations most of which I feel are valid. In 1941 we got into a war. The cost of wood pulp soared. Many of the publishers put up a game fight by reducing their magazines to pocket size. But it was a losing battle. Costs were prohibitive.

Second, comic books began to appear on the scene. It was now possible for readers to see the pulp stories in caricature.

Third—and this is the one to which I take complete exception—readers were becoming more interested in factual material than in fiction. This is a noble thought, but it has no basis in fact. The great increase in the purchase, publication, and sale of paperbound novels disproves it but, more important, the production of the old pulp stories on television disproves it. Now, without the inconvenience of having to buy a magazine, the one-time reader can sit back in his own private theatre, his living room, and watch the characters about which he used to read come to life on a twenty-one-inch screen.

They are the same plots, the same characters, the same backgrounds, the same gimmicks that he once used to read. Only now he can see and hear them. Expert camera work, musical scores, good direction and production, location shots all combine to produce an effect that stimulates a viewer in a manner that could only stir his imagination when he concentrated on what he was reading in the pulps.

The writing isn't any better. In many cases it's worse. The gimmicks are no more profound, the plotting no more complicated.

In most cases television productions are limited by a budget. If the sheriff has to go out to the ranch to arrest the heavy it might require an extra day's shooting, so the script is changed so that the heavy will have a reason to ride into town, where the sheriff makes the arrest. Such forced revisions don't do anything to increase story values.

The demise of the pulps is complete. Sometime in the dim and distant future they may be reborn. Or in the same future another similar group of magazines may appear on the newsstands which will stir the imagination of armchair adventurers. I hope so. Because I'm still a pulp writer.

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Travel

Continued from page 43

enter into a temporary but wholly legal temporary marriage with obliging neighborhood ladies, but this practice was vehemently denied by the government guide who finally took me in tow, albeit an hour and a half late, the Saturday following the Moslem Sabbath. According to Shiah law (93 per cent of Iran's Moslems belong to the Shiah sect) it is the mollah who interprets the Koran and who administers justice. Criminals are said still to be able to take refuge in the mosques where they are kept in sanctuary by the flock until the mollah and the family of the outlaw can intervene with the authorities. Although the Reza Shah nearly broke the power of the mollahs, they successfully fanned the populace against the British in 1951 when the oil wells were nationalized, and turned them back against Mossadegh in 1953. The most bewildering part of it all is that since anyone can affect a white turban, no one knows who indeed is a legitimate mollah. Some estimates put the number of true mollahs in Iran at about a thousand, but students and fakes are said to bring the figure to twenty times that number.

As much a part of Iranian life is the adoration of the national dish, *chelo kabab*. In essence it is meat and rice, but there is much more ritual to it than that and at the Reghabi Chelo Kabab, run by John Reghabi, a Persian version of Cary Grant, it is served with small pickles, raw eggs, and purple onions. The pickles and onions are side dishes, and the eggs, served in a decapitated shell, are to be poured atop the rice, which is supposed to arrive in a high tide of butter. In a city dotted with *chelo kabab* houses, John Reghabi's, as he likes to say, is the only one operated by a man who graduated in America and who has a brother currently studying at Columbia. A sometime actor when not a *chelo kabab* man, John also maintains a set of clippings on his cinematic activities, mostly in company with the stars at the film festivals.

In addition to their national addiction to *chelo kabab*, many Persians are also hugely occupied with muscle building or keeping fit. We went one afternoon to the Zorrkhaneh, or House of Strength, where in an octagonal auditorium lined with glazed tiles and mirrors a drummer in a pulpit was beating the time and shouting singsong chants to a passel of beefy athletes in a pit below him. Done up in breeches embroidered with paisley patterns, and an underwear top, and a mustache, the musclemen limbered up with pushups and progressed to spinning in circles, one contender at a time, and sending a fattened version of Indian clubs hurtling to the vaulted blue tiled ceiling. Looking down at this spectacle, which was occasionally spiced with the tinkle of a bell sounded by the drummer, were the spectators and the portrait of Mohammed Ali, framed in Kelly-green bulbs. Besides being the son-in-law of the Prophet, Ali is adjudged one of the bravest types in religious annals, having, at the edge of fourteen, dispatched a strongman of forty who was the leader of the infidels.

There were, I confess, some moments there in that strange hall, when, with the drums beating, the bell ringing, and the participants working themselves up into a religious and physical sweat, I thought that one of the muscle people, properly triggered, might be encouraged to shout "Infidel!" and come after us with an Indian club. Nothing of the sort happened, and the Iranians are in fact, however laboriously they may go about it, encouraging foreigners to visit them. Almost all the world's airlines on round-the-world schedules put down in Teheran, which is a bridge between Rome and Karachi or New Delhi. One of the best of the available hotels is the Teheran Palace, a small house in the center of the city which has modern appointments, air conditioning, an Austrian nobleman as manager, and an Italian combo playing in the bar. It also has a grassy court in the rear, which in Teheran is rare, and a swimming pool in the middle of it. Up in the northern end of town toward the white-capped mountain range dominated by 18,000-foot Mount Demavend, Hilton Hotels has already raised a twin-towered skyscraper out of the bare brown earth. Although some have criticized the location because it is removed from the center of the city, the Hilton is in the same section of the city where the British and Russians maintain summer palaces, the Shah keeps a summer palace, and the venerable Darband Hotel has functioned for years as the last word in Persian Hotel life. Garbed in demodé cloak of white stucco, it is still going only a few yards from the enormous compound that encloses the summer residence of the Shah and Queen Farah.

Despite the arid dunes of the landscape and oppressive, hulking never retreating intrusion of the mountains, the nothern section of the city is the progressive quartier and it already has a tea room built of glass, a nightclub called the Cabaret Miami, and a drive-in roadstand called the Hot Shoppe which could have been lifted bodily from the Jersey Turnpike. It is only on the opposite side of town, where one sees the women wrapped from head to heel in their *tchadors*, or tents, where the donkeys carry huge bins full of fruit, where the men wear turbans and a green one signifies a holy relation with the Prophet, where the bread is called *barbari* and *taftoon* and other names as curious and is flat as a *crêpe*, where hot beets bubble on the street-corner stands, and a slice of roasted pumpkin is an afternoon snack, that one realizes only eighty years have passed since the first monarch in 5,000 years of Persian history set foot in Europe. It was a thought that stayed with me when I went out to the airport to catch the passing plane of S.A.S., which having come in from Rome in little over four hours, was now, with me on board, making for Pakistan, a little over two hours in the distance toward the early-dawning East.

—Horace Sutton.

(*Second of a series.*)

The Community

By Ralph Robin

ALL night the community of boys unraveled
The therapy of the afternoon.
Cruelty in ragged clumps by morning
Tripped the sensitive psychiatrist until
He was replaced by an ex-policeman,
A master weaver of hatred of woman and self,
Who achieved an excellent production record.

Harsh rugs flowed from his looms
With the woven faces of prison guards,
Gym teachers, employers of children,
Policemen, and ex-policemen:
Journeyman weavers of hatred of woman and self,
Master weavers of hatred of woman and self.

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Dickens

Continued from page 31

sincerely unable to respond to his spell; still others, glancing at him—if at all—through the lenses of literary snobbery, drawled "I can't read him" and exulted in their own enlightenment. During the first four decades of the present century, with the rising prestige of Henry James and his vastly different conception of the art of the novel, Dickens's reputation declined to its nadir. His books seemed drowned in an ocean of distaste "deeper than did ever plummet sound."

Throughout all this period, to be sure, there were always dissenting voices. Matthew Arnold praised Dickens in the 1880s; Swinburne never ceased to laud him in passionate dithyrambs. George Gissing, who adored Dickens, but who was a devout realist, salvaged as much as he could for realism—a very considerable amount—but tacitly abandoned the rest as fantastic and sensational. Chesterton fought a valiant rearguard action by sweeping away the orthodox conceptions of the novel and arguing that Dickens was not a novelist at all but something much better: a mythologist whose books were "simply lengths cut out from the flowing and mixed substance called Dickens," a created world full of a beery and breezy violence, with "white roads . . . fantastic towns, thundering coaches, uproarious inns, strange and swaggering figures." Santayana, on the other hand, insisted that Dickens's most grotesque insights *are* realistic, that the world itself is a caricature. "When people say that Dickens exaggerates, it seems to me they can have no eyes and no ears. They probably have only *notions* of what things and people are. . . ."

To these independent voices of praise might be added those of such disparate admirers as Katherine Mansfield and Kipling, Conrad and Franz Kafka, T. S. Eliot and Bernard Shaw. Dickens was, Shaw proclaimed, "by far the greatest man since Shakespeare that England has produced"; in his tremendous last phase, like Beethoven, he created works barely beginning to be appreciated and understood. The real counterrevolution, however, has come only in our own time, with Edmund Wilson as one of Dickens's most doughty champions. Wilson has emphasized the elements of snobbery and ignorance in the disregard of Dickens. "The Bloomsbury that talked about Dostoevsky ignored Dostoevsky's master, Dickens." The people who were fascinated by "the symbols of Kafka and Mann and Joyce have been discouraged from looking for anything of the kind in Dickens, and usually have not read him, at least with mature minds." And Wilson's "application of such a reading to single novels, especially to "Bleak House," "Little Dorrit," and "Our Mutual Friend," as George Ford notes, "marks a turning-point in the discussion of Dickens' status."

Since then, the upward sweep of the parabola has been dizzying. A brilliant army of perceptive commentators—Lionel Stevenson, George Orwell, Rex Warner, Humphry House, Graham Greene, Lionel Trilling, V. S. Pritchett, Morton Zabel, J. Hillis Miller, and numerous others has contributed mightily to this renascence. Sparked by their influence, the intellectuals have rejoined the masses. Reading Dickens with new eyes, they have been dazzled by unsuspected depths and splendors.

IT is no longer needful to labor Dickens's power as a portrayer of modern society nor the seriousness of his "criticism of life." But we are still learning to appreciate his supreme attainment as an artist. Richnesses of poetic imagery, modulations of emotional tone, subleties of implication, complex unities of structure, intensities of psychological insight, a panoply of achievement, mount up to overwhelming triumph. Though contemporary readers perhaps still feel somewhat queasy about Dickens's sentiment, his comedy and his drama sweep all before them. Even his elaborate and multi-stranded plots are now seen as great symphonic compositions driving forward through theme and variation to the resolving chords on which they close.

There is no question today of the enthusiasm Dickens evokes on all levels. The Oxford University Press has issued a new popular-priced edition of his works; in dozens of paperback editions he is displayed by drugstores and supermarkets. With Shakespeare and Milton, James and Joyce, he shares the honor of having entire college courses and university seminars devoted to him. Within the past decade he has been the subject of a score of doctoral dissertations and hundreds of learned articles in scholarly journals. Last year the *Review of English Studies* filled a whole number with essays on his work. Best of all, as in those days of might and glory when Dickens wrote in excited capitals, "PICKWICK TRIUMPHANT!" he is again being read enthusiastically by lowbrow and highbrow alike. Dickens's literary fortunes, which once appeared altogether shipwrecked by the battering of adverse winds of doctrine, have victoriously survived all the gales of criticism. Now, 150 years after Dickens's birth, he is established as one of the greatest writers of the world.

Creative Person

Continued from page 17

erable cognitive flexibility, verbally skilful, eager to communicate with others with nicety and precision, open to experience, and relatively uninterested in policing either their own impulses and images or those of others.

With respect to philosophical values—the theoretical, economic, esthetic, social, political, and religious as measured on one of our tests—there are two values most emphasized by all the creative groups. They are the theoretical and esthetic. One might think that there is some incompatibility and conflict between a cognitive and rational concern with truth and an emotional concern with form and beauty. If this is so, it would appear that the creative person has the capacity to tolerate the tension created in him by opposing strong values, and in his life and work he effects some reconciliation of them. Perhaps a less dramatic and more cautious interpretation of the simultaneous high valuing of the theoretical and the esthetic would be that for the truly creative person the solution of a problem is not sufficient; there is the further demand that it be elegant. The esthetic viewpoint permeates all of a creative person's work. He seeks not only truth but also beauty.

Closely allied to his strong theoretical and esthetic values is another pervasive trait of the creative, his preference for complexity, his delight in the challenging and unfinished, which evoke in him an urge, indeed a need, to discover unifying principles for ordering and integrating multiplicity.

In so brief a report, emphasis has had to be placed upon the generality of research findings. What needs to be equally emphasized is that there are many paths along which persons travel toward the full development and expression of their creative potential, and that there is no single mold into which all who are creative will fit. The full and complete picturing of the creative person will require many images. But if, despite this caution, one still insists on asking what most generally characterizes the creative individual as he has revealed himself in the Berkeley studies, it is his high level of effective intelligence, his openness to experience, his freedom from crippling restraints and impoverishing inhibitions, his esthetic sensitivity, his cognitive flexibility, his independence in thought and action, his high level of creative energy, his unquestioning commitment to creative endeavor, and his unceasing striving for solutions to the ever more difficult problems that he constantly sets for himself.

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(Continued on page 72)

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(Continued from page 71)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1454

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Practitioners of magic arts.

B. Orderly procedure, arrangement, etc.

C. One thing often won before a contest (2 wds.).

D. Topsy-turvy (2 wds.).

E. Electric catfish.

F. One who tends cattle.

G. Briskly; vivaciously.

H. Appellation equally applicable to a circle, Tennyson's brook, and its sound.

I. Mineral deposits in fissures.

J. Made of skins.

K. Walloped.

L. Principal group, in many games, in formal banquets, etc. (2 wds.).

M. Painter's frames.

WORDS

86 134 60 188 206 28 101 167 146

45 120 100 31 205 18

196 109 150 16 71 22 128

170 133 179 85 176 17 125 58 139 82

153 7 73 199 163

136 124 53 173 19 114 119 4

6 49 75 80 91 51 193 36

156 95 20 107 93 194 3 44

174 127 108 141 99

182 181 130 8 144 159 72 33

112 140 204 32 61 105 165 151

96 186 77 66 38 103 70 149 145

40 65 207 113 24 138

DEFINITIONS

N. Relationship of God to a Unitarian.

O. Scoring less by one unit of counting (3 wds.).

P. Beloved of Aïda.

Q. Settled, serene, balanced temper of the mind.

R. Soft-shelled crab.

S. A double portion of family property (2 wds. followed by "of the firstborn"; Deut. xxi, 17).

T. A kind of fancy covering made by sewing together pieces in variegated patterns.

U. Pertaining to ultimate constituents or forces.

V. Where nobody likes his yacht but many enjoy their drinks. (3 wds.).

W. Any white corpuscle that shows special activity to destroy bacteria, etc.

X. Evincing the character of the legal light.

Y. Often a synonym of Word H.

WORDS

121 161 74 52 203 81 129 183 152 160

94 25 166 87 76 27 135 57 191

98 39 200 187 5 147 67 143

11 169 189 155 35 122 26 48 115 43

190 62 171 10 178 9 41

79 64 97 14 90 157 116 195

42 69 137 104 164 59 13 131 185

198 154 118 102 63 172 30 34 68

184 142 88 180 55 21 37 12 1 83

132 158 192 202 2 84 175 78 110

123 106 117 46 23 89 50 177 56 168

29 54 92 111 197 15 162 126 148 201 47

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

	1 V	2 W	3 H	4 F	5 P	6 G	7 E	8 J	9 R		10 R	11 Q	12 V	13 T	14 S	15 Y	16 C
17 D	18 B		19 F	20 H	21 V	22 C	23 X	24 M	25 O		26 Q	27 O	28 A	29 Y		30 U	31 B
32 K	33 J		34 U	35 Q	36 G		37 V	38 L	39 P	40 M	41 R		42 T	43 Q	44 H	45 B	46 X
	47 Y	48 Q	49 G	50 X		51 G		52 N	53 F	54 Y	55 V		56 X	57 O	58 D	59 T	60 A
	61 K	62 R	63 U		64 S	65 M	66 L		67 P	68 U	69 T	70 L	71 C	72 J	73 E	74 N	75 G
	76 O	77 L	78 W	79 S	80 G	81 N	82 D	83 V		84 W	85 D	86 A	87 O	88 V	89 X	90 S	91 G
92 Y	93 H		94 O	95 H		96 L	97 S	98 P		99 I	100 B	101 A	102 U	103 L	104 T	105 K	
106 X	107 H	108 I		109 C	110 W	111 Y		112 K	113 M	114 F	115 Q	116 S		117 X	118 U	119 F	120 B
	121 N	122 Q	123 X	124 F	125 D		126 Y	127 I		128 C	129 N	130 J	131 T	132 W		133 D	134 A
135 O	136 F	137 T	138 M		139 D	140 K	141 I	142 V		143 P	144 J	145 L		146 A	147 P	148 Y	149 L
150 C	151 K		152 N	153 E		154 U	155 Q	156 H	157 S	158 W	159 J	160 N		161 N	162 Y		163 E
164 T	165 K		166 O	167 A	168 X	169 Q	170 D	171 R	172 U	173 F	174 I	175 W		176 D	177 X	178 R	
179 D	180 V	181 J		182 J	183 N	184 V	185 T	186 L	187 P		188 A	189 Q	190 R	191 O		192 W	
193 G	194 H	195 S	196 C	197 Y	198 U		199 E	200 P	201 Y	202 W	203 N	204 K	205 B	206 A	207 M		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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25-2

SEND ME the 5 RCA Victor records whose numbers I have filled in at the right, billing me only $1.87. I agree to purchase during the year ahead, 5 additional records, at the Manufacturer's Nationally Advertised Prices (usually $3.98 for Popular, $4.98 for Classical; stereo an additional $1.00). I understand a small handling and postage charge, plus sales/use taxes where applicable, will be added to each shipment.

Thereafter, for every two additional records I purchase, I will receive a dividend record of my choice, FREE.

SEND ME THESE 5 RECORDS (Fill in numbers here)

[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] (25)

Enroll me in the following Division of the Club:

☐ CLASSICAL ☐ POPULAR

(Check only one)

☐ Check here if you have **stereo equipment** and wish these and future selections in **stereo.**

Name (please print)

Address

City **Zone** **State**

If you wish membership credited to an authorized RCA Victor Dealer, please fill in below.

Dealer

Send no money. A bill will be mailed. Offer applies only in the U.S., its possessions and Canada. Canadian residents write RCA Victor Record Club, c/o Reader's Digest, 215 Redfern Ave., Westmount, Quebec.

College Place, Washington

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